



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## THE FRONT PAGE.

A STORY is going the rounds of the press to the effect that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., gave a Pullman car porter a miserable little tip of twenty-five cents. Years ago his father was held up to popular scorn for the same offence. The newspapers love to catch one of the Rockefellers in an act of this kind, it evidently being the journalist's notion that a multi-millionaire should not carry nor disburse any coin of a denomination smaller than a twenty-dollar gold piece. Indeed, the champion prize-fighter is the only man who rises to the ideal of the yellow press in his manner of spending money. There was another. When Mrs. Cassie Chadwick, with her hypnotic eye and a large wad of other people's money, was in Toronto buying diamonds by the pint, it is said that, in paying for some purchases, there was a balance of twenty dollars coming to her, but with a wave of her lily white hand, she bade the diamond merchant keep the change and floated out to her carriage. She would not wait in a shop for a beggarly twenty dollars in change. Mrs. Chadwick was not vastly rich, but she displayed towards money the lofty indifference that she thought becoming in one pretending to great wealth. But therein she erred. This little bit of stage-play brought her under suspicion, for those who have constant dealings with the wealthy know that they do not despise the legal tender that makes their way through life rosy. Not the millionaire but the drunken sailor does the squandering. The rich man spends a lot of money, but he always checks over his bills in the restaurant, for it is a point of principle with him that he will allow nobody to "do" him. The man who lets himself be "done" is usually the one who fears that if he makes protest it might reveal the truth that his resources are small. So he pays with that grand air of indifference that is seldom used except by the man who is wasting his only wad and is trying to give out the impression that he owns whole groves of money trees and that the crop is ripe.

If the son of the oil king gave a colored porter a quarter dollar and no more the fact should be advertised, not to illustrate his close fistness but his good sense. There are some millions of people on this continent who show considerable intelligence in making money, but mighty little sense in spending it. Generosity is a fine virtue, but in some of the relations of life even generosity loses its merit unless it is restricted by considerations of good taste. A man should not spend his money in such a way as to attract attention to his spending. He should belong to his surroundings. He should fit into the scenery in which he is set. When he is among the frugal he should not try to dazzle them by acting as he thinks King Midas would, for although, he may, by so acting convince them that he is rich, he will not persuade them that he is wise. They may admire his purse, but they will grieve for his head. Nor does a plunger favorably impress those who are accustomed to the outlay of large incomes, for these do not need to burn money in public in order to prove that they have no lack of it.

At one of our favorite summer resorts the regular frequenters are this year making complaint that the whole place is being demoralized by an invasion of coin-scatterers from the United States. These visitors are nice enough people, but it amuses them to squander money on the hotel help, guides, small boys, and all others, so that they will get all the service that money can buy. They are "generous" and all who are open to take tips hover about them. They are not wealthy people—they are having a short vacation, and according to their ideas they are having a good time—a splurge. But they are demoralizing a very pleasant summer resort, they are filling humble persons with unrest and discontent with the ordinary conditions that will prevail when these people are gone. They are not acting fairly by other tourists who have no inclination to compete in a squandering contest and are not averse with vain-glory of the wallet.

SPEAKING about the spending of money leads naturally to another subject that is worth considering at this time of year. Everybody is, or would like to be, out of town during July and August. A great many residences are closed up and the people away at summer resorts, while in other cases one or two members of the family keep the house half open, as it were. All this absenteeism greatly disarranges the business of the local tradesmen—the butcher, grocer, baker, etc. The greatest source of trouble, however, is not a decrease in trade, but the fact that so many people go away for the summer leaving their monthly accounts unpaid. It is said this is a serious matter to many tradesmen in parts of the city where a considerable proportion of the people join in the summer migration. The local dealer must collect his money or he cannot settle with the wholesaler, and the wholesaler must get his money or his bank gets

after him. The butcher, grocer and baker are in an awkward fix in regard to the accounts of many of their best customers whom they cannot afford to offend. It is the family that buys largely and pays promptly that creates the difficulty in the summer months, for if that family—or rather if twenty such families go away for two or three months leaving unpaid bills with one tradesman, the man is in a tight place. He needs the money, yet he fears that if he were to write to any one of those twenty customers who patronize his shop so freely, and under other circumstances pay their bills so promptly, the recipient of the letter would take offence. The dealer would fear that the customer would say: "Well, after all the money we leave with him in the course of a year, you would think he would not bother me on vacation with this little bill. I'll remit, but we will place our account somewhere else when we go home." And that's about what a man says when he gets a bill that he forgot to settle. He thinks the tradesman might have known it was an oversight and let it stand until he got back. But the householder forgets that a butcher or a grocer may have so many cases of the same kind on his hands that it looks to him almost like a general conspiracy to ruin him. Hundreds, even thousands, of bills remain unpaid in Toronto during the

saying that the same difficulty the United States is having with Japan will sooner or later confront Great Britain, because the very same causes that make the people of the Republic anxious to shut out Japanese invasion, will cause Canada and Australia to take up the same attitude. It is gratifying to know that some of the English journals are beginning to see the point. This country would get enough yellow men in any case, but while they are excluded from the United States, they would be doubly willing to crowd into Canada and secure a footing on this continent—they will entrench themselves here while the close alliance between Japan and Great Britain continues. In case their nation gets into trouble with the United States these ex-soldiers of the Mikado will not feel disposed to go on shoveling gravel on Canadian railroads. We shall have a hornet's nest on our hands.

Mr. Wm. H. Johnson, of Fiji, is at present visiting relatives in Simcoe, Ont. He settled in Fiji in 1892, where he owns a large sugar cane and peanut plantation. He has been interviewed by the Simcoe Reformer and talks interestingly on the question, "Who is to rule the Pacific?" He is of the opinion that the Anglo-Saxon does not know what he is up against. Mr. Johnson believes that war has got to come between the United States

wired my protest," says Mr. Macpherson, "to the Minister of the Interior and to the Ottawa Government, and, unless something is done at once, I purpose taking further practical steps in the matter. By any constitutional means, I care not what they be, the influx of Asiatics must be stopped."

The member for Vancouver talks like a man who feels that he has a considerable body of opinion behind him—he talks like a politician who perceives that he has got to lead or get walked on. And the trouble will grow greater. With the political and international complications that hang about this Japanese question, half a dozen years may not pass over us before we shall learn that our serious race question is not one of centuries, and located in the old provinces, but a new one that has come upon us suddenly out of the sea on the Pacific slope.

ON the front page of one of our daily papers the other day were three features dealing with death or disaster, and all arising from the same cause. One was a portrait of the unfortunate Mrs. Valberg Brackenstein of Toronto, who lost her life through the gasoline explosion on the yacht Sitarah, owned by Mr. Aemilius Jarvis. Another was an account of the death of a ten year old boy, Harlan Cubley of Massena, N.Y., from the effects of the explosion of a demijohn of gasoline that the boy's father was carrying on his steam launch on the St. Lawrence, below Cornwall. The third was an account of the destruction by fire of some buildings on Bathurst street, Toronto, owing to the explosion of some gasoline on the premises.

Gasoline is getting its name in the papers rather more frequently of late than can be thought desirable by those who push the sale of it and of the machinery that is operated by it. Immediately following the explosion on the Sitarah the owner of another of the finest yachts in the harbor had his gasoline plant removed—most, perhaps, that he was in the least afraid of it, but in order that there should be no ground for uneasiness among those who are guests on the vessel. It is said that other owners of handsome yachts that are fitted out with gasoline engines for occasional use, will follow the example. The point is, that whenever a couple of tragedies of this kind follow each other in rapid succession there is some such scare as this for a time, but it does not last long, as gasoline is so highly convenient that it soon wins its way back into favor. In fact it cannot be dispensed with. But when people are not receiving impressive reminders of the danger that attends the careless handling of this innocent looking, highly useful but deadly dangerous explosive, the idea seems to spread abroad that "it is perfectly safe."

This idea should not be encouraged by manufacturers or dealers, nor by anybody who has to do with it. The dangerous nature of it, unless used with the utmost care, should be made as widely known as that coal oil will burn or a powder barrel explode if touched by fire. There are men to-day using this fluid in driving machinery on land and water who know nothing whatever about its properties, except that they have been shown how to turn its energy on and off.

People should be taught how to live in a modern world without destroying themselves or slaying others who have the misfortune to be in their company. This is not the tallow candle era, and a man needs to have a reserve of caution that his grandfather did not require—although he seems to have had more of it than his grandson. In Montreal a young man after his day's work stood on the balcony of his home the other day, and, reaching out caught hold of an electric wire and was electrocuted. He had done this on other occasions, receiving only a mild shock; but this day it had rained; he was standing in a little pool of water, and he met his death. Next day came the story of a boy who climbed a pole, caught hold of a wire, then caught another, and was electrocuted. The dangers that lurk in electric wires should be taught children at their mothers' knees in an age like this, and it should not be necessary to have a score of lives sacrificed each year in Canada to serve as warnings.

IT surprises one to observe how much of the news of the modern world consists in horrors of one kind and another. Toronto people seldom read anything about the three hundred thousand fellow beings who live in Detroit except when one of the most vicious men in the city stabs one of the most worthless women there; or a boat upsets and somebody is drowned; or an engine leaves the track, or strikers resort to riot. The people of Detroit see little about Toronto in their newspapers except in connection with like matters. Perhaps the two items of news concerning this city that were most widely published throughout the United States during the past month were those telling how one colored man had shot another in a restaurant owing to jealousy over a woman, and how the Orange parade on the twelfth of July was attended by scenes of disorder owing to conflict between the street car service and the processionists. And yet bloodshed, horror and disaster, form very little part in the lives of the vast majority of people in either Toronto or Detroit. The average



MELBOURNE

summer holiday season that could be paid without the slightest financial inconvenience to the people who owe them. It is not a question of finding the money with which to pay bills in the cases referred to—there are cases of that kind too, no doubt—but merely a question of taking thought, recognizing the fairness of settling without a delay that hampers the tradesmen, and going through the physical strain of writing a cheque and mailing a letter. Yet these thousands of unsettled accounts amount to a large sum total, stagger small dealers, inconvenience wholesalers, annoy the banks.

About half the troubles of life are unnecessary, if people would but be considerate.

SOME months ago it was stated in these columns that arrangements seemed to be under way whereby some of the railway companies, and other large employers of labor were about to bring into Canada shiploads of laborers from the far East. In writing on this subject at the time I stated that no matter what bargain might be entered into for the return of these laborers to their own country at any stated time, experience would show that the yellow men, once they are in the country, would remain in it, and that if this country permits yellow men to come in large numbers, because they can be secured in large numbers and work well for small wages, we would be committing a folly similar to that of the Southern States when they brought negroes by the shipload from Africa, profited by slave labor for a generation, but suffered endlessly from the presence of an inferior race that multiplies and that can neither be assimilated nor cast out. In our haste to develop the country we may impose on its future a fatal handicap. It appears that railroad contractors are getting yellow men into Canada by the shipload. Two thousand of them in the past month have left Hawaii for British Columbia, and on arrival are sent to the interior. There is no uncertainty about the demand for them. Everything has been arranged in advance and they go straight to their work. They are swarming in. Is there any probability that they will swarm out again later on?

Of late some of the leading English journals have been

and Japan. "Not to-day nor to-morrow perhaps," he told the interviewer, "not for ten years maybe, but just whenever Japan is ready, and before the Panama ditch is open to commerce, if that event ever happens." He declares that the Japanese and Chows are everywhere in and around the Pacific, and that what the Japanese intelligence department does not know about its coast lines, isn't worth knowing. "Their spies," he says, "are in every corner. They are even turning their attention to Canada, and I hear there was one at Camp Niagara." He says that Americans and Englishmen who are brought in contact with them on the Pacific regard them as a menace, and feel that the white man and the yellow will have to fight it out sooner or later—that the white man will have no other choice, because it is the ambition of the Japanese to mould China and dominate the earth. Nothing but force will stop them. Such is the feeling among white men who are within seeing and hearing distance of the yellow men. Mr. Johnson says: "For an English-speaking man to say a good word for a Jap in a club, hotel or business exchange in the Pacific Ocean would be to secure his being sent to Coventry."

What this visitor from Fiji has to say is quite in line with all that we hear from other visitors from the East, if we except only those official persons who are compelled to say things that will sound well diplomatically.

OUT in Vancouver alarm begins to be evinced over the influx of Japanese. A despatch to The Globe on Tuesday reported an interview given to the press by Mr. R. G. Macpherson, M.P., of that city, in which he expresses himself with emphasis. He regards the influx of Japanese as a menace to the country, both from national and economic standpoints. "This thing has got to be stopped," he says, "and the authorities at Ottawa are the only people who can stop it. The Government must recognize the all-important fact that this western part of Canada is not to be delivered into the hands of Asiatics." He thinks the Japanese should be taxed \$500 a head, the same as Chinese coolies, and declares that the white population of British Columbia is too small to neutralize the Asiatics already in the country. "I have



man in these days goes through life without ever seeing blood except as it trickles from a punched nose in boyhood. The agriculturist brought into touch with the wide world at last by receiving a newspaper daily on his farm, cannot be blamed if, when he comes to town he prefers to walk in the centre of the street and is careful to ask no questions of any but a policeman in uniform, and not even of him except in broad daylight. To read, in the peaceful country, the daily record of crime and tragedy, must persuade the unsophisticated mind, that the world beyond the horizon is a welter of gore, a pandemonium of collisions, a chaos of wreck, grief and confusion.

News is news, however, and the papers must get the news. Whatever notions a man might have before taking charge of a daily paper, he would speedily conform to prevailing custom and crowd his paper with the same startling headlines that are seen in papers all over America. Certain daily newspapers have tried to devote themselves to more important matters than fires, wrecks and sudden deaths, but they have found that the fight absolute essential of their existence is to herald the sensation of the hour. They are compelled to rush everywhere with the latest startling word, otherwise they would be crowded out of the field by rival journals with a gift for screaming. It is only when a city grows as large as New York that it can support a daily like The Post, which devotes its space to news and views of moment—and perhaps not a reader of The Post in New York sits down to enjoy it until he has scanned a yellow journal to see what is going on in the world. Then he delves into The Post as a concession to his conscience and as a fortification to his self-respect.

**INSPECTOR ARCHIBALD** of the Toronto police force has been at it again, and one wonders how long a man so narrow in his views will be allowed to play the part of a petty tyrant over those who are brought in contact with him. The following letter has been sent me by a respectable citizen, and relates an incident peculiarly Archibaldian:

EUCLID AVE., TORONTO.

DEAR SIR: Having seen in your paper letters from various correspondents having reference to the Sunday observance question, and read your comments thereon, I am encouraged to lay the following facts before you: I have a friend who is an amateur photographer. When he can get a few hours to spare, he likes to employ his leisure in taking a few pictures. He offered to take a photo of my house, and came up for that purpose on Saturday afternoon last. The light was not good at that time, so he said he would come on Sunday morning early. He tells me he came up on Sunday morning at about 7 a.m. A policeman followed him for some distance, and when he set his camera up, told him that if he took the picture he would arrest him. My friend remonstrated, but did not proceed further; he did not even ring the door bell to bring me out.

I went on Monday to see the staff inspector to ascertain from him whether my friend was breaking the law. Mr. Archibald refused to answer my question on this point, but gave it as his opinion that anyone who took a photograph on a Sunday ought to be in jail. Pressed further, he said that he would decide the question of the legality of the matter when he had my friend in the cells. When I informed him that as a British subject I considered myself at liberty to do anything I choose on a Sunday or any other day, as long as I observed the law, he said that might be British law but was not Canadian. I shall be glad of your advice in the matter.

Yours faithfully, CITIZEN.

The writer of the letter does not need advice. Mr. Archibald, who fidgets and fusses and seeks to regulate the morality of the people of the city, is the man who needs advice, and he needs it from the board of Police Commissioners. In this case a newly arrived Englishman, whose occupation keeps him tied down except on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, makes the camera his hobby. He wanted to flash his camera on a friend's house, and failing to get a picture on Saturday, proceeded to the spot at a Sunday morning hour when none but a policeman was seen on the streets. The law stepped in—if he pressed the bulb, if he slipped the shutter, the jail doors would clang behind him. The stranger within our gates was amazed. But the policeman was not to blame. The responsibility rests on those who control the force and permit such absurdities. Inspector Archibald, when seen expressed the view that the man who would take a photograph on Sunday deserved to be in jail. If so, this city is jammed full of criminals. Little boys with kodaks are qualifying for jail on back lawns every Sunday in the summer, with their parents, brothers, sisters and pet dogs as participants in crime. Even the sunlight assists in the sin.

No doubt there are many people who would not take a snap shot with a camera on Sunday. Nobody will attempt to make them do so. There are many who would use a camera on Sunday and do so frequently. Nobody can prevent their doing so. Attempts to prevent innocent actions of this nature can only serve to make the authorities ridiculous and will lead to a revulsion of feeling that will cause the sensible mass of the people to make up their minds that if the professional preservers of Sunday cannot use more sense they will need to be deprived of the authority they wield at present. It sometimes happens that a movement good enough in itself is so mishandled as to prove a nuisance. In the particular case under consideration I am advised that the policeman had no authority whatever in law for interfering with the man with the camera. He was not a photographer pursuing his calling; he was not working; he was not doing anything for hire or profit; he was not disturbing the quiet of Sunday morning; he was not blocking the street. But the man wisely submitted to the unlawful interference of the policeman; had he not done so some kind of a charge would probably have been made good against him—"talking sassy to a cop," or "refusing to walk when told," or looking "as if he thought he could do as he liked," or some other of those offences that cause cells to be filled and fines to be collected in this city, and in this city only, throughout the English-speaking world. The man with the camera, although amazed that he should be meddled with and threatened with a term in jail, had the good luck to yield the point and walk quietly back home.

WHY should Inspector Archibald be allowed to have the reach and purchase on the inhabitants of this city that he presumes to exercise? Much of his work may be good, but also much of it is sheer old-womanish meddling, devoid of intelligence. He should not be allowed to run at large in this work of his, but should be under capable direction. Why should he say to a citizen who calls on him to ask about the legality of an action that is manifestly harmless in itself, that he would arrest a man first and consider afterwards whether there was ground



H. R. H. Prince of Wales  
Chatting to some of his guests at the garden party at Marlborough, which was attended by several Canadians

for arresting him. This is his attitude. There can be no justification for arresting a man unless the man is doing something the law forbids. Yet Policeman Archibald says, in effect, that he will cause men to be arrested for doing that which he forbids. It is not enough that men escape conviction if innocent; they should be absolutely free from arrest and from being meddled with if innocent of any infraction of law.

MACK.

#### The Useless Metal.

THERE is altogether too much bother about gold shipments, and it ought to be stopped. For many months New York, Paris and London, backed by their respective governments, have engaged in a continental contest for the metal. Last year New York held the best hand, says the Philadelphia Post, and drew a hundred million dollars across the Atlantic. Just now Paris has the call and is taking gold from New York. The money world is always anxiously watching this movement of gold, in response to which its nerves tighten and relax.

Now, the odd thing is that nobody has any actual use for this gold. Scarcely anybody ever sees it. Certain packages, alleged to contain gold bars, are put on shipboard and carried across the water to New York. There they are turned over to the assay office in exchange for certain neatly-engraved strips of paper. The newspapers say that the bank reserve is increasing, and everybody is happy. Or, the same weighty packages are shipped back to Paris, to disappear into the vaults of the Bank of France. The newspapers say the bank reserve is falling, and everybody is blue. So far as the packages are concerned the effect would be exactly the same if they contained cast iron or pig lead.

In ten years the actual movement of gold across the sea to and from the United States has amounted to more than a thousand millions. It is obviously wasteful, foolish and useless to transport this great bulk to and from over the ocean. If the commercial nations would agree upon a common depository which would hold all the metal and issue international certificates against it, the gold movement would consist simply in transmitting these certificates by mail. Except for the tiny amount used in the arts, nobody would ever see any gold or really know that any existed. And if the nations would further agree to sink the hoard held by the common depository, nobody would know the difference.

#### Wedding Buffooneries.

THE barbarities practised at weddings form a subject upon which it is high time both pulp and press had a vigorous word to say. In enforcing this utterance, the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate declares that "the burlesque of weddings" is an evil "flagrant and increasing" and contributes "to the breaking down of the sanctity of marriage." Seldom a day passes that the press does not report some new example of these "unseemly doings." The Advocate adds, with the enforcement of its words by the quotation of two recent cases:

"In one the bride and groom, both of whom were respectable and orderly people, were so beset with the rude pranks of their friends and so alarmed as to what further might follow, that they escaped through the roof of the house to the home of a neighbor, and thence fled in an automobile to a suburban station to escape their tormentors. But even this did not save them, for their alleged friends scattered to all the stations, and one party found them before their train arrived, and tormented and humiliated them to the utmost. In another case the newly married couple were forced into a lumbering, dirty ice-wagon, and hauled through the streets of the city amid all sorts of confusion."

These are but samples, it is asserted, of what is coming to be the common accompaniments of weddings. The absurdity of such treatment is thus emphasized:

"All sorts of tricks, no matter how rude and sometimes indelicate, are played on the newly married couple. As some one has said, 'Everything is done that can be done to make the couple appear like fools, and their friends succeed in appearing like bores and barbarians. The brains of the miscreants are racked to invent the most outrageous and disgusting schemes with which to torment the principals in the wedding.'"

"We have imagined that we were advancing in our civilization; but in these things we are rapidly going back toward the days of ruder things. Indeed, we are going beyond anything of the past of which there is any record. The old custom of 'serenading' a newly married couple was supposed to be unruly and noisy beyond tolerance; but these things were mild and respectable compared with modern inventions. In these old customs there was no attempt to humiliate or seriously inconvenience the victims; but this is not true of modern practices. They are considered tame unless something extremely annoying is done. These practices are actually barbarous—begging pardon of the barbarians, who never indulge in anything so unbecoming on such occasions. They are bringing us

into disrepute in the eyes of other countries. Even the peoples we think but semi-civilized look upon these practices with astonishment.

"Marriage is a Christian institution, and should be treated in a serious manner. A wedding is an occasion of rational and holy joy, and should be so regarded. The bride and groom should receive good cheer at the hands of all their friends. Everything possible should be done to contribute to their comfort and happiness, and nothing to cause them discomfort or distress should be tolerated. It is one of the events of their lives, one of the very greatest events, and they should remember it always with pleasure. To mar it by rudeness or cruelty is wicked. The friends who will engage in such a desecration of a serious occasion, or countenance it in others, are extremely thoughtless, or malicious."

Writing on this subject on one occasion Mr. R. K. Kernighan, "The Khan," than whom nobody knows the people of rural Ontario better, expressed it as his firm belief that many of those farmers who remain bachelors through life do so because they cannot face the ridicule of their rude acquaintances and the honor of a "shivaree." It is true in some cases. The young farmer becomes a terrible fund of sledge-hammer wit and their practical jokes have a robust quality that make them fearsome to a person at all sensitive. Let a person once reveal the fact that he is sensitive or, as it is locally expressed, "touchy" and thereafter he is a mark for every rough jester. Life is dull enough on the farm and there is not much doing in small villages, so the people must extract amusement from each opportunity that presents itself. But everywhere people go too far with wedding buffoonery and every sensible man and woman in the country should exert an influence in favor of reform.

#### Laurier's Cabinet of Cynics.

From the St. J. H. News.

The men whom Sir Wilfrid Laurier gathered about him were confessed cynics. There was not one of them who had a vision. From the very beginning their chief thought has been how best to get the day in. Sir Wilfrid himself, certainly, in a glowing moment, could hint the vision for us; but it was a Blair, a Fielding, a Tarte, a Cartwright who sneered at the high thought, the noble prophecy. "Business is business" that was the gospel, almost immediately after the party was seated in power. No one has yet heard the Hon. Mr. Fielding express a generous thought. This is appalling in a young country, where the population is so largely composed of young men from other lands, who desire, above all things, the stimulus of magnanimity. The brilliant thing could be uttered by a Cartwright, never the sympathetic thing. Tarte was the frankest cynic of them all, for from the beginning he announced his policy of helping his political friends at the expense of the "other fellow." Sifton might, at one time, have felt a fine glow, but he succumbed to the lure of wealth. The late Mr. Prefontaine would have smiled wonderingly if, in his presence, you had hinted of disinterestedness in public life.

#### Edward the Industrious.

London Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

THE King earns his holidays when he gets them. Every week is crowded with public and social engagements until he is free to go to Marienbad. The Court Circular is a record of all these functions, journeys and visits, but what a mass of detail is left out of it! Every one of these engagements is prearranged and involves official correspondence; and he is in daily communication with the Prime Minister on public affairs, and through the court officials and his secretaries he is kept in constant touch with everything that is going on in the world. "The hardest worker in the kingdom is His Majesty," said one of these officials to me yesterday with a tone of conviction; and it was scarcely necessary for him to add that no American millionaire with hundreds of business undertakings and charities to supervise could be busier or more systematic.

What increases the burdens of this business of reigning is the King's own passion for small details. He knows how everything ought to be done; he has a wonderful memory and holds every official to strict account; he is consulted on the most trivial matters; and system, organization and precision mean as much to him as to the manager of the largest and most complex industrial or mercantile business. The King does not spare himself in his daily occupations, nor does he allow any one in his service to fall behind or become careless in work. No other monarch, unless it be the German emperor, is so punctual and orderly in the transaction of public business as King Edward. He is not only industrious himself, but he makes everyone around him work strenuously. That is the testimony of the official whose tribute to him I have already quoted; and it can be confirmed by any one having confidential relations with him at court. What protects him from the consequences of overwork is his quickness of decision. When he is consulted, his opinion is instantly given, and it is not altered subsequently. He never seems to be in doubt respecting any detail, and does not increase his labor by habits of procrastination and indecision. He is a thoroughly business-like ruler, who likes detail, thinks of everything and has precise knowledge of whatever comes before him. A monarch with these traits can be the hardest worker in the kingdom without serious risk of wearing himself out under pressure of business.

DR. DONALD ARMOUR, of Toronto, has been appointed lecturer at the Royal College of Surgeons on surgery of the spinal cord.

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\$3,424,011

CAPITAL \$2,500,000  
RESERVE FUND \$1,000,000  
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LOAN & SAVINGS  
COMPANY  
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(Limited)  
(OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND)

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Electric Railway Bonds in  
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5 1/2 per cent. Bonus of 80  
per cent of stock.

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4% allowed on deposits of \$1.00 and up  
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**LONDON & LANCASHIRE**  
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**Mutual Life**  
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**SOUND AND PROGRESSIVE**  
Company confining its business to  
the Dominion of Canada and  
Newfoundland, noted for the most  
healthy climates

**IN THE WORLD**  
Its expense rate is the  
**LOWEST OF ALL CANADIAN**  
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being only 16.34 p.c. of total in-  
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Read what the Royal Canadian  
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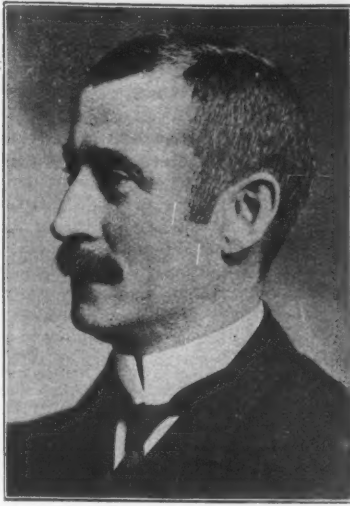
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Head Office - Waterloo, Ont.

## THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



MR. JAMES BAIRD  
Toronto

MONTREAL, JULY 25.  
SIR WILLIAM MACDONALD was the central figure at an interesting little ceremony at McGill University the other day. This was the laying of the corner stone of the new engineering building, the former structure having been burned early one morning in April last. In accord with the wishes of Sir William the function was carried out in the quietest possible manner, and it is doubtful if a hundred people in Montreal were aware that the founder of the first engineering building would tap the corner stone of the second and declare it "well and truly laid." The new structure, less the equipment, is to cost in the neighborhood of three hundred thousand dollars, and as McGill has not the ready cash it is pretty well understood that Sir William will make up deficiencies. However, it is not his method to go into the highways, beat a base drum and tell what he will or will not do. There was no speech-making, the sum total being the presentation of the trowel to Sir William by Professor Percy Nobbs, head of architectural faculty at McGill. In the softest kind of voice Sir William Macdonald was heard to remark that this was the first corner stone laying over which he had presided.

Unless those interested in the university donate liberally toward the rebuilding and equipping of the burned medical and science departments, McGill is going to be badly handicapped. It is said that the new science building, with its equipment, will cost no less than \$800,000; this being the estimate made by Professor Bovey, Dean of the Faculty. If Sir William Macdonald assumes the financial responsibility for the science structure itself, and it would hardly be reasonable to expect more from one man. There are still some hundreds of thousands to gather in, as the insurance will not go far toward the equipment in these expensive days. It is therefore up to old McGill men to come forward and donate what they can. A general appeal to the science graduates has gone forth, but up to the present the response has not been as hearty as might be expected.

While members of the Montreal City Council discuss the point as to whether five per cent. per annum is sufficient for the power company to pay its shareholders, the directors of the company meet and place the stock upon a six per cent. basis. The large earning capacity of the Light, Heat and Power Company, thanks to friendly legislation and a lax city government, has often been referred to in these columns. In net earnings the power company is gaining annually at the rate of nearly \$200,000. At least this is their record for the past six years. This increase covers nothing more or less than the natural growth and development of the city and surrounding municipalities. It can therefore be pretty accurately forecasted that the increase for the next six years will not fall behind the average. This being the case the net earnings in 1913 will approximate three millions, which in its turn will mean that the power company can then increase its dividend from six to twelve per cent. and still have annually a million dollars surplus over and above dividend requirements. From a stockholder's point of view this looks well, and if I made a business of giving tips on the stock market I would say "buy power for a long hold."

But what of the citizens? Are they going to have a look in, or are they to continue paying through the nose? For both gas and electricity Montreal is to-day paying anywhere from twenty-five to thirty-three and one-third per cent. more than such centres as Toronto. To-day a Montreale's electric light bills are approximately one-third more than they were previous to the advent of the Power Company; that is in the days when there was live competition between the Royal Electric and the Lachine Company. The cruel part of it is that citizens have now become so accustomed to paying through the nose that they have forgotten that they ever did obtain a service at something like its real value. And so they pay and keep on paying, and the end is not yet.

However, the combination of bad streets, the worst probably of any large city on the continent; the pollution of the air with soft coal smoke, a water service which not only gives fluid unfit to drink, but scarce at that; sidewalks which cannot be walked upon, all contribute toward an agitation for government by commission. Just so long as Montreal has a Board of Aldermen, the members of which have no thought beyond getting jobs for their friends and relatives, the city is going to be badly governed, and now and again members of the Board of Trade, Canadian Manufacturers Association and like bodies will break out and expostulate. Their kicks, however, are only momentary and are soon forgotten.

The project of launching a trolley freight service throughout Montreal and the surrounding territory has been put well under way by the Montreal Street Railway. The idea is to haul freight at night in the congested districts of the city, and at all times in the outskirts. The Montreal Street Railway with proper facilities will, it is thought, be able to carry all heavy materials, such, for instance, as building stone, lumber, cheese, butter and all farm produce for shipment abroad, heavy hardware, etc., at less than one-half the present tariff, and still make a good thing out of it. Of course there will be a strenuous kick from cartage companies and others depending upon horse power for their living; but it must be remembered that there was also lively objection from cabmen when our trolley systems were introduced, and away back years ago the seamstresses of the country got right up and yelled when the sewing machine was put on the market. So it is with the introduction of every labor saving device, but after awhile the device wins out, and that because a majority of the people demand it.

Imagine the wholesale produce dealer loading trolley cars at his own siding, the cars to later be switched on to the main track and run down to the waiting ships in the harbor. All done in an hour or two, as regards days of tugging and hauling under the present system. No wonder the city's business men are petitioning for it.

TORONTO, JULY 25.  
THE heavy "balance of trade" against Canada, as shown in the quarterly report of the Dominion's foreign trade ended June 30, is not as satisfactory as one could wish. There are several reasons given which may account for our smaller exports, but they fail to cover the whole ground, as our exports for the month of June were specifically small in spite of favorable conditions. The trade balance against us for that month was greater than for the previous two months. In fact the figures of our total foreign trade for June last was the most disappointing for any month in a number of years past. Our imports from abroad in June were valued at \$33,943,187, an increase of \$2,597,919 over the corresponding month of last year, whereas our exports last month were only \$17,778,466, a decrease of \$8,416,303. The excess of imports over exports for the month is therefore \$16,164,721. The excess of imports over exports for three months was \$46,846,962. The congested state of railway traffic in April and the first part of May, and the strike of the Montreal longshoremen, which lasted into June, must have interfered greatly with Canadian exports, but these reasons are hardly sufficient to account for such a heavy diminution for the quarter, when June trade was worst of all. The principal falling off in exports is in the products of the forest and in animals and their produce, which decreased by about \$4,000,000 each. Agriculture shows a decrease of about \$1,000,000, manufactures \$1,000,000, mines nearly \$2,000,000, and fisheries \$1,200,000.

It is satisfactory to note that Canada's exports of produce to Great Britain for the month of June was fully maintained, the value of the produce being \$13,509,000, or practically the same as in June, 1906, according to the figures of the British Board of Trade. This leaves a balance of less than \$4,500,000 worth of Canada's produce and merchandise taken by other countries than Great Britain in June last. This indicates a great falling off of exports to the United States, of which country we have been such free buyers of late years. It would be interesting to know what part the high tariffs play in this respect!

The United States foreign trade for the year ended June 30 reflects a large increase in the imports of that country, but there was also an increase in exports. The trade balance was \$446,449,000 in favor of the United States, but in consequence of the large increase in imports, this trade balance is \$71,000,000 less than during the previous fiscal year. The increase in imports was \$207,838,000, and the gain in exports only \$136,986,000. This gives rise to some interesting calculations as to how far the reduced trade balance has been offset by United States bankers' borrowings, and the creation against them of other foreign indebtedness.

It would seem that the large borrowings by some of our great railway systems and corporate companies in the London money market have had a great deal to do with the very heavy increases in the imports of merchandise of both Canada and the United States. These borrowings will give us temporary relief, but they enforce upon the borrowers greater obligations that will only be met by a larger expansion of trade and a greater development of the resources of this continent.

The striking feature of the statement of Canadian banks for June was the large increase in the circulating medium of these banks. The month circulation, of June, however, is usually one of expanding business, but that note circulation should increase nearly as much as in June of last year, considering the high level reached on May 31 last, is a favorable indication of the soundness of the trade being done. The outstanding circulation on June 30 was \$75,510,000, the largest in the history of Canadian banking, and nearly \$6,200,000 in excess of June 30 1906. The increase last month was \$4,750,000 as compared with an increase of \$5,150,000 in June of last year over the previous year. It begins to look as if circulation will overtake the paid-up capital of the banks before the grain season is over. There is a leeway of only twenty millions to go on, and if the average increase this month and the next three should be \$5,000,000 a month circulation will have attained its legal limit.

Taken as a whole, the loans and discounts of our banks in June increased \$2,811,000, and deposits increased \$2,600,000. Loans and discounts now aggregate \$715,097,000, while public deposits total only \$648,635,000. The loans and discounts increased \$71,438,000 in the past twelve months, while deposits increased \$64,522,000.

Call loans made outside this country by our banks increased to the amount of \$3,000,000 in the month of June, while domestic call loans were reduced \$400,000. On the other hand, our banks extended credit on commercial paper to domestic firms to the tune of \$2,200,000, while at the same time reducing such loans outside Canada by a similar amount. Curiously enough, Canadian banks reduced their discounts lines abroad by \$10,000,000 within the past twelve months, while for the twelve months ended June 30, 1906, they had increased foreign discounts \$10,000,000. This item, therefore, is practically the same as it was in June, 1905, the total being about \$23,500,000.

The market for securities here has been extremely dull the past week. Brokers who are taking holidays are missing nothing, and being convinced of this they are loathe to return. Fortunately the feeling is that values are intrinsically

**BANK OF HAMILTON**

**Dividend Notice**

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of 2 1/2 per cent. on the Capital Stock of the Bank, for the quarter ending 31st August, being at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Tuesday, 3rd September next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 24th to 31st August, both inclusive.

By order of the Board.

J. TURNBULL,  
General Manager.  
Hamilton, 22nd July, 1907.

**THE BANK OF OTTAWA**

credits interest on Savings Accounts  
**QUARTERLY.**

OFFICES IN TORONTO:  
37 King St. East and corner of Broadview and Gerrard

**THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA**

**BANKING HOURS**  
34 King St. West—10 a.m. to 8 p.m.  
Saturdays—10 a.m. to 12 noon.  
S. W. Spadina and College  
Avenue Street—in the Ghetto  
10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Saturdays—10 a.m.  
to 8 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m.

"Money is the most important thing in the world. It represents health, strength, honor, generosity, and beauty as conspicuously and undeniably as the want of it represents illness, weakness, disgrace, meanness and ugliness. Not the least of its virtues is that it destroys base people as certainly as it fortifies and dignifies noble people."—From George Bernard Shaw's new "Book of Plays."

The Rest Room at 34 King Street West is the rendezvous for women who bank at The Crown Bank—and their friends. Visitors to Toronto are also invited to make use of this room.

**DOMINION EXPRESS CO.**

When Sending Money by Mail use  
**EXPRESS MONEY ORDERS**

They are absolutely safe, because payment is guaranteed, and if lost, stolen, or delayed in transit, the Express Company will promptly refund the money or issue a new order free of charge.

The Dominion Express Company also issues **FOREIGN CHEQUES** at current rates, payable in all the commercial countries of the world in the money of the country on which drawn.

**TRAVELERS' CHEQUES**  
for Tourists and Travelers. The most convenient way to carry funds when traveling anywhere in the world.

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Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000.00 Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, \$1,189,713.23

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40-46 King Street West  
Corner College and Bathurst Sts.  
" Dundas and Arthur Sts.  
" Queen St. East and Lee Ave.  
" Queen St. West and Dunn Ave.  
" Queen and McCaul Sts.  
Gerrard and Main Sts., East Toronto

**ALL BANKING FACILITIES**  
Foreign and Domestic exchange bought and sold. Letters of Credit issued—available everywhere. Collections promptly and satisfactorily made. Correspondents in United States and Europe.  
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Branches open 7 to 9 o'clock every Saturday night.

78 Church Street  
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The RUUD does the rest.

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**THE RUUD INSTANTANEOUS**  
**AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER**

The most wonderful heater ever shown.  
16 years on the market—40,000 in use to-day.

You are cordially invited to visit our offices and see the heater in operation.

**RUUD MFG. CO.**  
155 King St. West, Toronto  
G. Hobbs, Mgr. Canadian Branch



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Capital Paid-Up \$4,800,000.00  
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Branches in Toronto:  
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YONGE AND QUEEN STREETS  
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Interest allowed on deposits.

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Funds: Thirty Million Dollars  
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Hose Supporters

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Per Pair—50c.

If your dealer doesn't keep them, write to us for a sample pair.

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Limited  
Manufacturers, Toronto

COTTAGE IN GEORGIAN BAY TO  
RENT FOR THE SEASON  
THE property known as Portage Point, situated about 12 miles from Port Huron, Mich., 25 acres in extent, very private. Cottage with eight rooms, furnished ready for occupancy. Private wharf and two boats. Apply to  
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ACETYLENE LAMP**

NO HEAT NO DIRT NO ODOR NO SMOKE  
NO CHIMNEYS NO WICKS NO MANTLES NO VARIATION

BECK-IDEN ACETYLENE LAMP CO.,  
88 Notre Dame St., W. Montreal.

**Wedding  
Cakes**

from Webb's are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.

They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada, safe arrival guaranteed.

Illustrated Catalogue Free

**The Harry Webb Co.**  
Limited  
447 Yonge St., Toronto

**Culverhouse Optical Co. Ltd.**

Glasses are a positive help and a permanent pleasure if properly fitted.

We do it

**CULVERHOUSE OPTICAL CO.**  
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low, and there is no pressure to sell. As a rule securities are well margined, and the properties are earning well. Money, however, is not plentiful, and while loans are not being called to any extent, some private capital has been obtainable.

A correspondent writes: Sir—I have read with great interest your weekly remarks regarding the standing of the Canadian banks and other moneyed institutions. It must surely be a source of satisfaction to all Canadians to know banks are sharing in the wonderful prosperity at present spreading over our country. As evidence of this the leading banks are paying their shareholders 10 to 14 per cent. dividends, payable quarterly, and at the same time salting down a nice sum for rest account. Others are investing their loose cash in handsome buildings, as in Toronto Junction, and a couple of banks are actually giving their staff a small bonus as encouragement. But as a rule the general managers forget the men they have at positions of trust and responsibility at such meagre salaries. Fancy the tellers of some large branches getting \$400 to \$600, and being expected to dress and keep a gentleman at that, while the shareholders get their big dividends, and now and again one is startled by news of "another bank clerk gone wrong." Surely, in the general prosperity of Canada, the bank clerks should have a share.

Yours, CANADIAN.

One of the strongest stocks has been Canadian Pacific. Speculative holdings of this issue are very small in Canada, while in London and Berlin the feeling is optimistic even at current high prices. Shareholders are convinced that the lands held by the company are about equivalent in value to the common stock at par. The annual report, which is now in preparation, is looked forward to with considerable interest. Gross earnings for the past year are approximately \$72,140,000, against \$61,669,000 the previous year, and \$37,503,000 in 1901-02. Net earnings the past year are estimated at \$25,000,000, as against \$22,973,000 the previous year, and \$14,085,000 in 1901-02. It is just twenty-one years ago that the first transcontinental train was run over its road. To-day there is a double daily transcontinental service—the Imperial Limited and the Atlantic and Pacific expresses—the "Over-Seas Mail," carrying



## Social and Personal

THE Argonaut Rowing Club's dance on Monday evening was the best attended of the series this season, each of these entertainments seeming more popular than the last. The Argos, who are always blessed with good weather, were particularly lucky in the evening which was actually cool (in comparison) and the total absence of mosquitoes which have been supplying a violin obligato to all the last few dances. Mrs. Stanbury, wearing a white linen dress and green chip hat with wreath of small flowers, chaperoned her two daughters, who were very popular partners all evening. Miss Edith Sweetman wore a very pretty cool blue organdie gown and hat to match with roses; Miss Porter was all in white; Miss Muriel Boehme wore a mauve flowered frock with mauve satin girdle; Miss Beatrice Webster, *rose de Barry* linen dress, the kimono braces embroidered in white and white lace yoke and sleeves; Miss Clancy, a pretty little brunette, was wearing a white silk and lace gown. Others noticed were: Miss Ruth Meyer, Miss Millman, Miss Murray, Miss Lister, Miss Hambley, Mrs. J. M. Gounlock, Miss Wheaton, Miss Lyall, Miss Balfour, Miss Thompson, Miss Hayden, Miss Irene Case, Miss Patterson, Miss Fitzsimmons, the Misses Fulton, Miss Miller, Miss McCully, Mrs. Mundy in black and white muslin and lace and little black hat with ostrich feathers; Messrs. Walter Taylor, Louis Monahan, J. F. Cosgrave, George Sears, Guy Burton, Harold Shapley, Julius Thompson, W. D. Greer, Fred Toms, Tim Merrick, Frank Morrison, Charles Turner, W. S. Pate, Paterson, Anderson, Jackson, Art. Dudley, MacLeod, Warwick, McCully, Donald, Jolliffe, Fulton, Dudley, Hugh Hayles and J. L. Bigley.

Among those registered recently at the Queen's Royal were: Miss Hope Dignore, Mrs. Norman Seagram, Mrs. George Gooderham Mitchell, Miss E. Munn, Mr. C. B. Tadmam, Mrs. G. R. Hargraff, Mr. James E. Day, Mr. W. B. E. Reade, Mr. N. E. Kitson, Mr. A. E. Cain, Mr. S. Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gilmour, Mrs. G. Stevenson, Miss Laing, Mr. A. W. Brodie, Mr. Norman F. Henry, Miss Dorothy Tale, Mr. Hargraff, Mr. E. Strachan Cox, Mr. R. Boyd Magee, Mrs. Christian Koeffler.

The Hon. Wm. Hart, M. P., of Kingston, was at the Queen's hotel this week.

The third of the Island aquatic dances last Friday night quite came up to the standard of the former ones, if not eclipsing them. Though the murky night was the hottest of the week it did not seem to matter a jot as regarded dancing, and all the pretty Island girls are in such good training now that they dance the whole evening with the mercury hovering about the boiling point and then go home looking as fresh and unruined as when they started. Among the guests were Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Greville Harston and Mr. Harston, who are spending some time at the Island. Miss Lilla Grantham, wearing a very handsome white embroidery princess dress and pink hat, brought her guest, Miss Marjorie Howard, in a painted muslin and lace frock and large straw hat. Miss Norma Armstrong wore a pale grey checked foulard dress; Miss Brenda Smellie in mauve flowered organdie. Miss Muriel Smellie has just returned from a visit to Fergus and will later on go to De Grasse Point with Miss McMurrick and thence to Muskoka. Others present were: Mrs. George Clarkson, the Misses Clarkson, Miss Edith and Miss Gladys Sweetman, Mr. Crombie, Mr. Alberta Route, Mr. Hamilton B. Chipman, of Winnipeg, who was spending a couple of days in town; Miss Evelyn Ridout, Miss Curry Howard in white with emerald green sash, Mrs. and Miss Tyler, of Baltimore, Mrs. Tom Reid, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. M. Alley, Miss Winifred Evans, Miss Ombra Winslow, Mrs. Geo. Clarkson, Miss Marjorie Dyas, Miss Dottie Lamont, Mrs.

the Oriental mails, and recently there was inaugurated another fast train, the "Trans-Canada Limited," which will cross the continent in shorter time than any other road in America. It is the fastest long-distance train in the world. The time occupied between Montreal and the Pacific Coast is nearly two days less by this new service than it was twenty-one years ago.

The men at the head of the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. to-day, were, with scarcely one exception, with the company at the inauguration of the transcontinental service.

Sir William Van Horne, then vice-president, is, after filling the presidency, chairman of the board of directors; Sir Thomas Shaughnessy who was then assistant general manager, is now, as president, directing the policy of the company; Mr. D. McNicol, then general passenger agent for the Eastern lines, has become vice-president with a seat on the directorate; Mr. William Whyte, then general superintendent of the Western division, is now second vice-president; Mr. I. G. Ogden, then auditor, is now third vice-president, having charge of financial matters; Mr. G. M. Bosworth, then assistant freight traffic manager for Eastern lines, is now fourth vice-president; Mr. Charles Drinkwater and Mr. Sutherland Taylor are respectively secretary and treasurer, as they were twenty-one years ago; Mr. C. R. Hosmer, from manager of the company's telegraphs, has become a director; and there are many whose services date back before 1886, who now hold important positions.

There are many conflicting reports concerning the condition of the crops both in Ontario and in the Northwestern provinces. In some sections the reports of conditions are very bad, while in others the reverse is given out. The season is late everywhere, and no such yield as last year is thought possible. Prices seem to hold remarkably well, and the late weakness in Chicago is due to more favorable conditions in Europe. In Ontario wheat is quoted around 88c. per bushel, as compared with 78c. a year ago, or an advance of 10c. No. 1 Northern Manitoba, at Georgian Bay ports is quoted at 97c., which compares with 84c. a year ago, an advance of 13c. per bushel. No. 2 white oats in Ontario are 8c. to 9c. per bushel higher than a year ago. These prices seem to justify the belief that the grain yield this year will be below the average.

Dyas, Mr. Appleyard, Mr. Moody, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Jim Murrick, Mr. Hargraff, Mr. Huckvale, Mr. Gordon Hyland, Mr. Trees, Mr. and Mrs. Ardagh.

Miss Sophie Tippet, Ossington avenue, is spending the summer in New Brunswick.

Miss Pearson, accompanied by her little niece, Constance Talbot, has gone to Gloucester, Me., for a month. Mrs. Talbot (Oshawa) is staying with her mother, Mrs. Pearson, in Trinity square.

The Hon. Dr. Pyne and Mrs. Pyne have left for their summer house on Lake Simcoe.

Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick is at Centre Island for a short time. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mr. R. H. Parmenter and Mr. F. M. Drake are at Cobourg. Mrs. Robert Darling and the Misses Darling are at Scarborough Beach, Maine. Miss Millicent Clarkson Louis is staying at the Thousand Islands. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Jones are at Sturgeon Point; also Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Grace. Dr. Herbert Bruce is spending the summer in England.

Mrs. Willard Malone, who has been staying with her mother, Mrs. Sankey, at the Island, will return to her new home in Calgary the first week in August.

Mrs. J. K. Kerr is the guest of Mrs. Frank Macdonald at Goderich. Mr. and Mrs. George Francis have been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston at Barrie.

Mrs. Andrew Blackburn announces the engagement of her youngest daughter, Ivy, to Mr. John Wesley Cresswell, of Regina, Sask. The wedding will take place at St. Augustine's church on Wednesday, August 21.

His Excellency Don Emilio de Perera, Consul-General of Spain at Montreal, accompanied by his wife, paid a brief visit to Toronto this week and was the guest of Chevalier Thompson for a few hours.

Dr. G. Sterling Ryerson and his son, Mr. Y. S. Ryerson are among the recent arrivals from England. Mr. and Mrs. Northey have also returned. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brown and Mr. St. George have just got back from Texas and Mexico.

The annual regatta of the Muskoka Lakes Association will take place on the first Monday in August.

Mrs. M. F. Campbell announces the engagement of her daughter, Audrey Ramsey, to Mr. Andrew J. Davis, third son of the Hon. E. J. Davis of Newmarket. The marriage will take place on Wednesday, September 4.

The Right Hon. Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, will open the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto on Tuesday, August 27. He will probably be supported by a company of Imperial notables, including Lord Milner, formerly High Commissioner for South Africa; the Right Rev. Winnipeg-Ingam, Lord Bishop of London, and Sir Daniel Morris, Governor of Barbados.

Lord Rosebery, formerly British prime minister, is an authority on gardening, though most people know him only as a statesman and author. As a matter of fact, he has every reason to be gardener and farmer both, as he owns 26,000 acres of land in Scotland and some 8,000 in England, and has also a villa, literally embowered in flowers and flowering shrubs, overlooking the Bay of Naples.

## JOINT DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS

A joint deposit account with this Corporation is a convenience to husband and wife, mother and daughter, two or more executors or trustees, etc. It may be opened in such a way as to be drawn upon by either.

Interest at Three and One-half Per Cent.

Per annum will be added to the account and compounded Four Times a Year.

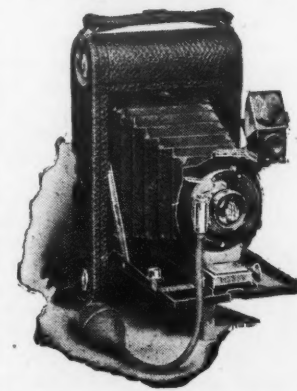
**CANADA PERMANENT**  
Mortgage Corporation, Toronto Street, Toronto

## SUMMER FATIGUE CURED AT Cook's Turkish and Russian Baths

The pores being thoroughly cleansed of obnoxious perspiration and effete matter, the system then becomes charged with fresh, pure oxygen, so that one enjoys a hot day without becoming fatigued. A swim in the cool marble swimming bath is very refreshing.

Open day and night with excellent sleeping accommodation and rooms.  
202 and 204 KING ST. WEST.

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Anyone can take a picture; we give full instruction free. The favorite Kodak is the No. 3A Folding \$20.00 and \$25.00. We carry all other styles.

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Send us your films to develop

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AND UNIFORMITY

**CARLING'S**

ALE,  
PORTER  
AND LAGER

4% IS YOUR MONEY EARNING A FAIR INCOME FOR YOU? 4%

**THE UNION TRUST CO. LIMITED**

RECEIVES DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR AND UPWARD, SUBJECT TO CHEQUE, AND ALLOWS INTEREST ON BALANCES AT THE RATE OF FOUR PER CENT PER ANNUM, COMPOUNDED QUARTERLY.

**MONEY TO LOAN.**  
SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULTS TO RENT.

**--- CAMPERS ---**

Let us supply you with your requirements in our line. Orders carefully packed and expressed anywhere in Ontario. Send for Wine List.

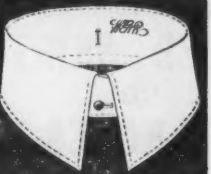
**THE WM. MARA CO.**  
VAULTS—71, 73, 75, 77 and 79 Yonge St. WINE MERCHANTS  
and 2, 4, 6 and 8 King St. E. 79 YONGE ST., TORONTO

**Write Us FOR**

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| Liola Cream          | Bathing Caps          |
| Amolin Powder        | Spirit Stoves         |
| Rimmel's Lavender    | Gillette Razors       |
| Scrub's Ammonia      | Bath Sponges          |
| Wash Rags (in Cases) | Hudnut's Preparations |

**W. H. LEE**  
KING EDWARD DRUG STORE  
Church and Wellesley Sts. and Avenue Road and Macpherson Ave.





**NIAGARA.**—A perfect-fitting Castle Brand style, sharp 4 for neck—size on hot days. 18 in. at back, 22 from tip of point to fold. In K.K. brand (thermal value 2 for 25c—10c) this is Rosseau.

**20c**  
**3 for 50c**

**W.P.R. LINEN Collars**

Collars with this trademark fit better because their shape is MADE into them—not merely laundered in. They last longer because better fabric makes them. They pay best to buy.

**W.P.R.**  
Makers Berlin Canada



**HOW ABOUT BABY?**

Build up your own and your children's constitutions by taking the health giving and muscle forming tonic WILSON'S INVALID PORT.

All druggists—everywhere.

**SALE OF PINE TIMBER**

NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to authority of Order-in-Council, tenders will be received by the undersigned up to and including Tuesday, 3rd September next, for the right to cut pine timber on the townships of D'Arcy, McGee, Cheewet, Cochrane, Borden and Gamey, near the town of Chapleau on the Canadian Pacific Railway; on Berth W.D. 2 west of Woman River station on the C. P. R.; on certain areas on Lake Windermere, south of Windermere station; all in the district of Algoma. Also the white and red pine timber on certain lots in the 1st, 2nd and 3rd cons. of the township of Beauchamp, and on the 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th cons. of the township of Henwood, north of Lake Temiscamungue, in the district of Nipissing; also certain pine timber on what is known as "Franklin Island" in the Georgian Bay of Lake Huron, north of the town of Parry Sound, in the district of Parry Sound.

For conditions, further particulars, maps, etc., apply to the undersigned.

E. Cochrane, Minister.  
Dept. of Lands, Forests and Mines,  
Toronto, 8th July, 1907.

No unauthorized publication of this advertisement will be paid for.

**Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.**

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,  
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

**WANTED**—Salesman in Toronto city for Swiss Milk Chocolate, grocers and confectioners' specialties, well advertised, high grade goods. Applicant must be young, active and ambitious, and possess "A.I." references. Salary at start \$12.00 a week, and commission. A successful salesman will be rapidly advanced. Apply with full particulars (strictly confidential), to Chocolate, c/o Toronto Saturday Night, Toronto.

## BOGGS ON FISH

By NORMAN H. CROWELL

HERE was tense silence in the grocery store as Uncle Ezra worried a chunk off the salt cod and conveyed it to his mouth. After a brief preliminary mastication he removed the morsel and critically selected three fine bones therefrom which he cast scornfully aside. Having seen the cod returned to its hiding place, the assemblage drew a deep breath fervent with hope.

"Fish," remarked Ezra, thoughtfully stroking his cheek, "are peculiar critters. They're smart, considerin' they ain't troubled with brains to speak of. I've seen fish that was blame nigh as intelligent as I be, if that ain't puttin' it too strong."

He paused and glanced truculently at the row of listeners.

"Recollect once seein' Bill Fikes get hooked to a big trout over back of Kevaney's Point. Weighed about nine pounds, that fish did, an' he did give us an everlastin' swift time of it."

"Soon's Bill got the strike he dropped to 'is knees in th' boat an' begun yellin' for me to grab hold. But I was too busy hangin' on, for that dern twenty-two pound pickered was towin' us round in circles so fast it made me plumb dizzy. In a minute or so th' critter jerked Bill overboard, but I jumped an' ketch'd 'is heels an' hung on for all I was wuth, but what chance had I agin that there thirty-nine pound pike with 'is dander up?"

"Had to let Bill go, o' course, an' then I wore my hands to a blister rowin' to keep in sight of 'im. After a while that fish took a notion to harass Bill some an' he doubled on 'is trail an' drug poor Bill right under th' boat."

"Hang to 'im, Bill," says I, when I see 'is head pop up on th' far side.

"Bill blowed about a quart of dirty river water all over me an' told me he'd make me resemble a dropped custard soon's he'd landed that whale."

"Just then he faded away an' was under quite a long time. When he come up he was still hangin' to th' pole, though, an' I says:

"Kin you hold 'im, Bill?"

"Hold 'im!" yells Bill, "you jest bet your—oomp!" He went under jest then.

"While Bill was down below I got a wonderful fine strike on my line an' grabbed it jest in time. Whew! How that fish did weigh! I looked around to see if Bill was in sight so I could tell him to let go his fish an' help me land mine. Couldn't see Bill, though, an' I jest laid right back an' sawed for dear life. Purty soon I felt 'im weakenin' an' knowed he was comin' to th' top. Sure enough, up he come—an' he hadn't no more'n got in sight afore he let out a yell that nearly paralyzed me. I took one look an' see I'd hooked Bill in th' collar an' was chokin' 'im to death."

"I let go, an' after gurglin' a time or two Bill located me an' begun. Have ye ever had a real mad individual of Bill Fikes' powers o' conversation tell ye all about yourself, beginnin' from th' landin' at Plymouth Rock down to th' layin' o' th' corner stone o' th' new Methodist church? That's what Bill done for me an' I guess he wa'n't far wrong."

"I aidge'd th' boat up alongside o' Bill an' asked 'im if he felt like climbin' in."

"Do you expect me to ramble home afoot, you wall-eyed, pockmarked, hide-bound o' goriller," he says.

"I dragged Bill in an' he set there a-tricklin' into th' bottom o' th' boat an' lookin' holes right through me. Bill was mad enough to eat hay an' I kep' pretty shet, you bet ye."

"We got home without any bloodshed, but I never mentioned fish to Bill for over six weeks until one night down to th' store I asked 'im if he been fishin' recently an' th' poor cuss choked on a prune. When he come to it took five men to keep us apart."

Uncle Ezra paused and looked earnestly toward the cider barrel. The proprietor sid'd a glass under the spigot and shoved the handle deftly to the left. The satisfying gurgle of apple juice echoed through the stillness.

After Ezra had taken a long look at the ceiling through the bottom of the glass he handed it back with a sigh of untarnished joy.

"By gum," he said, "that's th' same stuff me'n Bill had on that fishin' trip—th' identical stuff."

And he dropped a casual hand into the raisin box.—Outing.

### House in Which Lincoln Died.

From the Washington Post.

"This is my first visit to Washington since 1865," said J. H. Ramsbury, a Chicago manufacturer. "At that time I was a sergeant in the Twenty-fifth Illinois. I shall never forget the night Lincoln was shot. I was at the corner of Tenth street and Pennsylvania avenue when a man came running up to me with the news that the President had been killed at Ford's Theatre. I ran to the theatre and found hundreds of persons there, the news having spread like wildfire. I arrived in time to see the body of Lincoln carried across the street to the house where he died."

"I was one of the soldiers who stood guard on Tenth street and kept the crowd back. I am glad the Government has acquired the house in which President Lincoln died. About ten years ago I met the former owner of the house in Chicago, and he told me something of the history of the place before and after the assassination of Lincoln. Andrew Johnson was sworn in as President in the front parlor on the same floor as that on which Lincoln died, and two years before John Wilkes Booth was a boarder in the house, occupying a room on the top floor. While it is true that Johnson was sworn in at the old Kirkwood House, where the Raleigh now stands, the oath was first administered to him in the Lincoln house."

Only in Great Britain, so far as I know, says a writer in The Car, does the law hold that a foot passenger has an equal right to the highway with the wheeled traffic, and that it is the duty of the driver of the latter to avoid at all costs the former, even if he has to do so at considerable inconvenience and often danger. In other countries, on the contrary, it is the duty of the pedestrian to give way to the wheeled traffic.

On his eightieth birthday, which he recently celebrated, Sir Sandford Fleming, Chancellor of Queen's University, Kingston received a message of congratulations from Turkey, signed by eleven graduates of the University now engaged in the practice of medicine in various cities in the Ottoman Empire.

### A Prince on the Market.

ANOTHER Prince without a penny will soon leave Europe for New York to exhibit and sell art jewelry of his own designing, and perhaps to keep himself peeled for a chance to marry an heiress—for what American girl could refuse a Prince? Few people are aware, says P.T.O., that the King of Serbia has a cousin in Paris who works as hard as the humblest among us for his daily bread. Prince Bodija Karageorgevitch lives with his mother, who was exiled four years ago by the dynasty who suffered so atrociously at the hands of the assassins. She was conducted to the frontier in the middle of the night, and left penniless, to find her way to the French capital as best she could. Of the exact details of her eviction, however, I am not sure. It is a subject which she never will discuss, although it is easy to see how bitterly she resents the fact that her son's place (he is of the elder branch) is taken by King Peter, and that she, instead of enjoying the luxury which should fall to the lot of a Queen-Mother, is obliged to accept the charity of her sons. Prince Bodija is an artist to his finger tips, having studied art in all its branches before launching out into his present profession—artistic jewelry. The other afternoon he was kind enough to show me his work, which is really exquisite.

"How long do you work?" I asked.

"By eight o'clock I am in the workshop, and return about six, with only an interval of twenty minutes for lunch," he replied, showing me a sketch one of his fellow-workmen had made of him "en blouse."

"Have you your own workshop?"

"No, I work at different shops in the Rue de la Prie."

"Of course, you compose your own designs."

"Yes, in the evening, and, fortunately, I have never had any difficulty with drawing. I take my models from nature. I see a flower and a leaf which I intend to make into the handle of an umbrella, and ten minutes afterwards my design is ready."

"You must get through an enormous amount of work?"

"No, unfortunately, the time I gain in designing I lose in modelling. I take six times as long as I ought to take getting my little wax models into shape. My fingers are clumsy and big, and turn back to a degree which is a misfortune for a person of my profession."

Prince Karageorgevitch has in his studio everything a lady can desire in the way of an objet d'art, from a fruit service and photo frame to a pendant and ring. Considering the amount of work expended on each, they are remarkably cheap, for the models are all original and the stones set in a manner it is almost impossible to imitate. The Prince is wise in arranging to have an exhibition in London this autumn, and still wiser in arranging to go on to New York. There his royal signature should command any sum, for the Prince is not one of the favored few to whom money is no object. Extremely modest and reserved, the Prince takes little notice of honors and "decorations." From his mother I heard that he had been made associate of the "Societe Nationale des Beaux-Arts" and that the South Kensington Museum had ordered a collection of his jewelry.

### Eating Dogs in Germany.

From Harper's Weekly.

NORTH AMERICAN Indians eat dogs because they love them so; also because they are convenient, and, moreover, an eaten dog never bites. But in Germany the people eat dog because beef, mutton and poultry are very scarce and high.

During the year 1906 there were slaughtered for food in the kingdom of Saxony (which constitutes one thirty-sixth of the area and contains about one-thirteenth of the population of the Empire) 12,922 horses and 3,736 dogs. This is an increase of 224 horses and 133 dogs over the year 1905. In all Germany, during the year 1906, there were slaughtered for food 182,000 horses. This is an increase of about 20,000 over 1905, and of about 47,000 over 1904.

Complete figures are lacking in regard to the slaughter of dogs for food in the German Empire, but fragmentary statistics indicate that the total number was about 7,000—probably more, rather than less.

In the city of Chemnitz alone 698 dogs were slaughtered in 1906, an increase of 88 over 1905, and during the same period 1,070 horses, an increase of 87 over 1905. While these two items show an increase of 175, the total number of animals slaughtered for food in that city during 1906 was 1,685 less than in 1905. Saxony also consumed 214,640 head of cattle (steers, bulls and cows), 422,831 calves, 1,112,714 swine, 206,082 sheep, and 74,247 goats. These latter figures, excepting those for the goats, are all slightly lower than those for 1905.

Horseflesh is very generally advertised in the German newspapers, especially in those of the large industrial centres, and most German cities have at least one market which makes it a specialty, claiming for it a higher percentage of nourishment than that of either beef, veal, mutton or pork. Neither is it unusual to find advertisements of dog meat or for the purchase of dogs for slaughter.

Nor is it possible to read the German newspapers for any length of time without coming to the conclusion that a great many dogs are killed and eaten that do not give up their lives under official inspection. News items detailing the arrest, trial, conviction, and punishment by fine or imprisonment of men charged with killing and eating dogs that belonged to others, sometimes valuable animals or cherished household pets, are not infrequent. Quite recently such an item told how the police at Cassel, a city of Hesse-Nassau, while searching for a lost dog, for whose recovery a reward was offered, located a private dog slaughterhouse and arrested four men who were apparently making a regular business of stealing and killing dogs. Several live dogs, several freshly slaughtered carcasses, and evidences of the slaughter of dozens of other dogs were found on the premises.

A day or two ago it fell out that an actor with a purpose was cinematographed on the stage, and was vastly pleased with the result.

Said he gleefully to a prominent dramatic critic: "It was the most extraordinary experience I ever went through—actually to see myself acting."

"Now," replied the prominent dramatic critic, "you understand what we have to put up with."—Pall Mall Gazette.

A professor at the University of Bern, Switzerland, is Mlle. Gertrude Woker. She is twenty-six, and passed all her examinations some time ago with great distinction. She lectures on physics and chemistry.

## Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"

WORLD FAMOUS MONEY CANNOT BUY BETTER THAN PERFUMED  
BORATED TOILET  
**INFANTS' DELIGHT SOAP**  
DELIGHTFUL--10 CENTS--EVERYWHERE  
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST 35 Medals and Awards Avoid Substitutes

## HOT WATER

In a Few Minutes

At times during the summer you need hot water and you need it quickly. The **Detroit Jewel Heater** will give you a boiler of water in ten minutes, and will give you enough to wash in, in a few minutes. It is safe and economic and very simple to handle.

TORONTO AGENTS:

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There Is No "Servant Problem" for the Housekeeper Who Has

# SHREDDED WHEAT

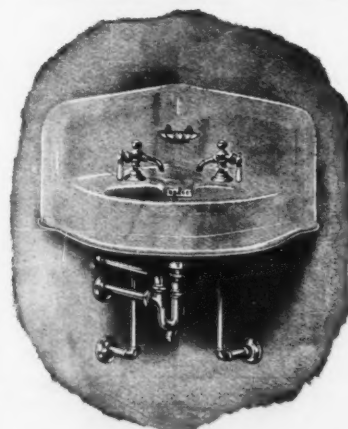
To lean upon. Ready-cooked, ready-to-serve. Delicious for breakfast or for any meal in combination with baked apple, strawberries and other fresh fruits.

Contains MORE NUTRIMENT THAN MEAT or Eggs. All Grocers—13c. a carton; 2 for 25c.

## NOWHERE DOES PERFECT WORK COUNT MORE

than in the sanitary equipment of a modern home. Poor plumbing is synonymous with loss of health, loss of comfort, loss of saving, loss in property values.

### "STANDARD IDEAL" PORCELAIN ENAMELED WARE



installed in the bedroom, bathroom, kitchen or laundry guarantees health for the family, reduces home expenses and adds to the cash value of the home.

Practical in construction, made in one piece, lasting as iron, finished in pure white enamel, smooth as a billiard ball, with no joints, crevices, or lodging places for dust, dirt or microbes, "STANDARD IDEAL" WARE is the finest gift of the master-artisan's craft to the home-builder. Moderate in cost, it pays for itself a hundred fold year in and year out.

"Standard Ideal" Ware lasts a life-time.

Your architect or plumber will tell you no modern home is properly appointed without it.

**THE STANDARD IDEAL CO., LIMITED**  
PORT HOPE, ONTARIO

Sales Offices and Sample Rooms: Toronto, 50 Colborne St. Montreal, 128 West Craig St. Winnipeg, 24 Telfer Block.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE AT ALL SEASONS.

"The Queen of Toilet preparations."

**BEETHAM'S Sandals**

SOOTHING & REFRESHING. Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England).

M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, ENGLAND.

It entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, IRRITATION, TAN, etc. It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT.



**Rex Chocolates**

WHEN buying a box of chocolates for a gift, remember the daintiest and best of confections are

"R E X"

Made by GILPIN-MOPFATT CO. TORONTO



## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE Legislative Chamber at the Parliament Buildings was in gala attire on Tuesday evening when a reception was given for the members of the American Institute of Mining Engineers and their wives. The chamber was decorated with huge palms, and about the Speaker's chair were masses of scarlet geraniums and the waxy white aloë blossoms which are so seldom used for decoration. Chief Justice Moss, who is acting Lieutenant-Governor in the absence of Sir Mortimer Clark, received, assisted by Mrs. Moss, Mrs. J. P. Whitney, Mrs. Pyne, Mrs. Tyrrell and Mrs. Chapen. After an hour's chat the 200 or more people repaired to the member's dining room for refreshments, which were served from a long table arranged with begonias and ferns. On Wednesday Mr. J. M. Clark gave a luncheon at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club in honor of the officers of the association.

The engagement is announced of Miss Cherry Meredith Howard, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Thomas Howard, to Mr. Albert Routh, son of the late Percy Gore Routh.

Lord Strathcona sails for Canada to-day.

Mrs. H. Gerald Wade (Montreal), formerly of Toronto, and her daughter, Margaret, are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Francis M. Wade, at Britannia Bay. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nethercot, of Chicago, are also the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wade.

Miss Jean Haslett, of Hamilton, left on Friday morning for Beaconsfield in the St. Lawrence for a few weeks' holidays, visiting her many friends.

Mrs. G. F. Bell, of 58 Prince Arthur avenue, Toronto, is at Brackley Beach, P. E. I., and will not return until the middle of September.

Miss M. Chinnock Wells, of Port Arthur, is in Toronto with friends, and will visit New York and Boston before returning to the West.

Mr. Winder Strathy has returned from England, but proceeds next week to South America, and will be absent six weeks.

Mr. H. Basil Morphy, of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation, is camping out at Norway Point, Lake of Bays, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Warwick are now spending a month amongst the Rockies of British Columbia. They are visiting Glacier, Field, Laggan and Banff, on their return from an extended tour through Southern California.

Mrs. Robert J. Allan is spending the summer at "Edgemere," Long Island.

Mrs. W. S. B. Lawrie and her daughters are spending the summer at Jackson's Point.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Elliott and little daughter, Grace, will be at Port Carling for the summer, where they have taken a cottage.

Mr. Harry Symons, K.C., of Toronto, was among those presented to his Majesty, by Lord Strathcona, at the levee held in St. James' Palace on June 25.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club's fortnightly dance is the event next Tuesday evening.

Hon. L. J. Kershaw, Minister of Finance for the British Government in India, has been on a ten days' visit in town, with his mother, Mrs. Kershaw, and his sister, Mrs. Robt. J. Poyntz. He returns to England via Montreal and Quebec, sailing on the SS. Empress of Britain.

Major and Mrs. Rathbun have left for a trip down the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The death of Mrs. Gregor, daughter of the late Judge Mackay of Montreal, which took place at Glasgow, Scotland, a few days ago, was a great shock to her many friends in Montreal and Quebec.

The marriage of Miss Alwilda Malone, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. L. Malone of Owen Sound, to Mr. William Albert Rowland, has been arranged to take place quietly in August.

Mrs. William Taylor, of 79 Euclid avenue, leaves shortly for a pleasant vacation at her old home in Paisley, Ont.

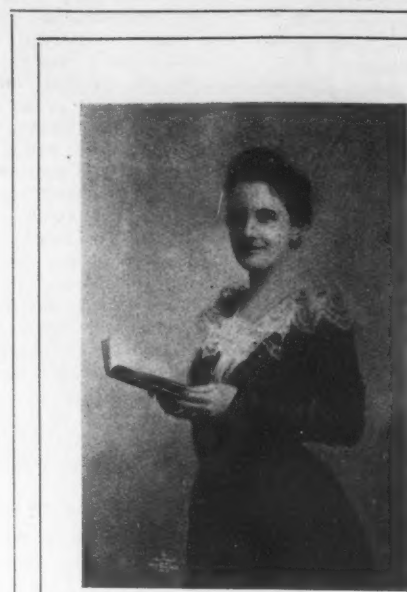
Dr. and Mrs. J. F. W. Ross and family and Miss Helen Boyd are leaving shortly for a trip down the St. Lawrence and up the Saguenay.

Miss Muriel Cronyn left to-day for a week's visit at Parklands, Lake Simcoe.

Miss Ethel Lukling has returned from Niagara-on-the-Lake, where she has been the guest of the Misses Foy.

Mrs. Irving Walker is leaving early in August for New York, when she will be the guest of Mrs. Herbert Walker.

A marriage of much interest to Toronto people took place at Christ Church Cathedral, Victoria, on Wednesday, July 17, at 3 o'clock, when Miss Emily Alice Innocent Mason, daughter of Mr. George E. Mason, was married to Mr. Alexis Francis Ramsay Martin, son of the late Edward Martin, K.C., of "Ballinahinch," Hamilton. Some friends of the bride had decorated the church with quantities of Madonna lilies, sweet peas and palms, and a wedding bell of white stocks was hung from an arch at the church steps. The service was choral and the hymns "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden," and "O Perfect Love," were sung. The bride looked very sweet in her wedding gown of ivory satin with Brussels lace bertha and tulle veil, and carried a bouquet of Bride roses and maiden hair fern. The bridesmaids, Miss Edna Mason and Miss Phyllis Eberts, were dressed alike in white chiffon and lace and white picture hats, while the maid of honor, Miss Phyllis Mason, was in white and green and white hat. Mr. Bruce Smith acted as best man. After the ceremony a reception was held at 12 Rockland avenue, the residence of the bride's father, when the numerous and



Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt

The "Lady of the White House" is a woman greatly admired in Washington, and by those who enter the family circle of the President. But Mrs. Roosevelt always leaves the centre of the stage to her strenuous husband.

handsome presents were on view. Canon Beaulands proposed the health of the bride and groom and Mr. Martin that of the bridesmaids, which was responded to by Mr. Bruce Smith. Mr. and Mrs. Martin left amid a shower of rose leaves for a three weeks' honeymoon at Seattle, the Rockies and Lake Louise, after which they will live in Vancouver. The bride travelled in a smart blue dress and becoming cream colored hat.

THE King and Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace on Friday evening, says the Canadian Gazette (London), and those summoned to attend included Lord and Lady Strathcona, the Hon. W. S. and Mrs. and Miss Edith Fielding, and Mr. Charles A. and Mrs. Hanson. Among those presented to their Majesties in the general circle were: Mrs. Fielding, by the Countess of Crewe; Miss Edith Fielding, by her mother, Mrs. Fielding; and Mrs. F. C. Poole, on her marriage, by her mother, Mrs. Charles Hanson.

Santos-Dumont became convinced last year that trying to propel the enormous bulk of a dirigible balloon against a moderate breeze was, to use his own words, "Too much like trying to push a candle through a brick wall." So he abandoned the dirigible balloon for the heavier-than-air type of flying machine, and on November 12, 1906, he flew two hundred and thirty-five yards in twenty-one seconds, in a strange looking machine of his own design, when a slight mishap obliged him to alight. He is now building one of an improved type, with which he is confident of flying one hundred and twenty miles an hour within two years.

M.A.P. tells a story of Lord and Lady Minto and one of their entertainments at Ottawa which attracted no guests. The tale, whether apocryphal or not, is good, and well worth cherishing. It appears that Lady Minto had arranged to give a garden party at Government House. The day arrived, and everything seemed in order for the event—the gardens looked their best, and host and hostess waited to receive their guests. But not a soul appeared upon the scene. Time passed, and at length it dawned upon an absent-minded A.D.C. that he had written the invitation cards—but had entirely forgotten to have them posted. History does not relate how his contretemps was received by the Governor-General and Lady Minto.

Hon. John Burns and Mrs. John Burns have celebrated their silver wedding. It was in July, 1882, that John Burns, then a working engineer, was wedded to Martha Charlotte Gale, the daughter of a working shipwright. John Burns began the struggle for daily bread when he was but ten years old, working in a candle factory. For some time he was a page-boy, then a rivet heater in ironworks, serving as a pot-boy on Sundays. At fourteen he was apprenticed as an engineer, and then step by step he mounted the ladder, until by hard work he won his appointment in the British Cabinet.

Prince Louis of Orleans, regarded by the monarchists of Brazil as heir to Dom Pedro's throne, was not allowed to land in Rio de Janeiro last month when the ship on which he was sailing to Paraguay entered the harbor. The Brazilian authorities regard as still in force the decree of banishment against Dom Pedro's family passed by the provisional government immediately after the overthrow of the empire in 1889. This visit of the prince to South America has roused the royalists to a new interest in their cause. But the prospect of a royalist rising in Brazil is remote indeed.

Some years ago, the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, hit upon the idea of asking the sovereigns and princes and princesses of Europe the singular question, "Of whom, or of what, are you envious?" The answers to this question are contained in an album, and some of them are very curious. For example, the Emperor Francis Joseph wrote, "I envy the lot of every man who is not an Emperor." The Kaiser wrote, "There is only one man of whom I am not envious, and that is the man who does not love his country." There was a great similarity in the answers, for the Queen of Norway, who was then merely Princess Maud of Wales, replied, "When I am at home, and looking after my own affairs, I do not envy anyone; but when I have the Royal Highness I envy everybody."

The Ladies' Park Club, one of the most exclusive clubs in London, this week moved into handsome new quarters at Knightsbridge overlooking Hyde Park. The club possesses the unique distinction of being the only west end club in the metropolis which strictly forbids bridge playing and smoking. It is declared that these prohibitions have been the means of excluding the "bad form smart set" and attracting genuine gentlemen.

**PLEATED SKIRTS AND PETI-KOTES**

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Sold only by—  
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276 Yonge Street TORONTO

**COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA**

Every physician will tell you that pure Cocoa is the best beverage in the world, but it must be pure Cocoa. Cowan's Perfection is absolutely pure.

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Did you ever have one of our Face Treatments? Thousands of ladies have them every year and consider the time it takes to give the best treatment procurable here or elsewhere as an hour well spent.

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The kind we give, and see how much it will improve your complexion. That tired look, if you have been shopping, entertaining or dissipating, will quickly disappear under the deft fingers of a kind, gentle and experienced masseuse. Lines and wrinkles are smoothed out and the face made to look years younger without artificial aid.

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### NIAGARA NAVIGATION COMPANY TRIPS.

All day—Leave 7.30 a.m.—Nine hours at Niagara-on-Lake; eight hours at Lewiston or Queenston Heights; six-and-a-half hours at Niagara Falls, arriving Toronto 8.15 p.m.

Leave 9 a.m.—Seven hours at Niagara-on-Lake; six hours at Lewiston or Queenston Heights; four-and-a-half hours at Niagara Falls, arriving Toronto 8.15 p.m. By returning on late boat, arriving Toronto 10.15 p.m., two hours added.

Mid-day—Leave 11 a.m.—Families, children and nurses, may spend the hot hours of the day on the lake, returning by the same boat, arriving Toronto 4.30 p.m.; or change to later boats, arriving home 8.15 p.m., or 10.15 p.m.

Afternoon—Leave 2 p.m.—The afternoon holiday for all. Two hours at Niagara-on-Lake, one hour at Lewiston or Queenston.—Returning to Toronto at 8.15, or changing to late boat, arriving 10.15 p.m., add two hours.

Busy Men—Leave 3.45 p.m.—After bank hours.—Either change boats and join the families at Niagara-on-Lake, returning to Toronto at 8.15; or by remaining on same steamer, return at 10.15 p.m.

Leave 5.30 p.m.—After office closing.—Change at Niagara-on-Lake to

late boat, returning to Toronto at 10.15 p.m. All evening on the lake. Excellent dining service on all steamers.

A daring act is being performed at Scarborough Beach this week by a nervy young man, Oscar V. Babcock. He mounts an ordinary bicycle at the apex of an incline, 75 feet high. Down this grade he rides like the wind and enters a huge loop of the inner circle of which he makes a complete circuit. The lower section of the loop is detached from the main portion until the rider passes the centre at the top, so that he hangs head downward on his perilous journey. The lower section is automatically connected, however, in time to allow the rider to complete the trip up another shorter incline, from the point of which he makes a flying leap over a gap thirty feet wide, alighting safely on a platform especially built for the occasion. Babcock presents an unusual appearance during the performance, wearing a huge football helmet with a pneumatic cushion and an iron cage surmounting it. The act has created such a sensation that the management of Scarborough Beach has induced Mr. Babcock to remain another week, and he will give two performances daily until next Saturday night.

If you can't write cheques, don't print kisses.—Smart Set.

## SOME WRONGS That Need Righting

Just a Few of the Little Things That Remain in Need of Mending.

**E**VEN here, in beautiful Toronto, reforms are needed. It could scarcely be an exaggeration to say that fully three-fourths of the citizens of this city would willingly admit that their neighbors might be improved.

The Board of Control could improve the Street Railway Company; the consumers never could be guilty of anything so small and mean as the sale of short-weight bread; if capital were labor all work would be done perfectly, every minute would be conscientiously employed, every interest of their employers would be of paramount importance to them, and never would they be guilty of casting a reflection on the honesty of their "superiors" by striking for higher pay.

If labor were capital, every piece of work done, every minute of time expended, would be remunerated with punctilious exactitude. Their employees' work and hours would be as considerably planned as human ingenuity, with its limitations, would admit of, and their own best interests would be a secondary consideration always.

What a power for good our newspapers would be if they would only submit to being improved by each other! What a mental benefit, what a moral inspiration, how much more lofty their ideals, how much firmer their principles, how much more certain their successes, how much greater their achievements!

What a Utopia we would live in if we all, especially the bachelors and old maids, had the training of our neighbors' children!

What fine men and noble women we would have! What a future would be in store for our country! In a few years Tennyson's "Wild Bells" would indeed

"Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind."

Apropos of child training, the recent competition in The News gave to the public many valuable hints on this all important subject.

We are none of us all-wise, none of us infallible, but a consensus of opinion is of value, in that we are not liable to get nearer the truth of any subject, by any other method.

The discussion, was, however, limited by the questions asked, and although some of the competitors deviated from the lines laid down, there remains a great deal more to be said on a subject which has several sides yet untouched.

In the centuries that have passed a great deal has been written and said about a child's duty to its parents.

The other side of the question, viz.: the parents' duty to their children has been slighted to the hurt of the whole community.

Some parents think that the care they bestowed on their children in infancy and under youth, entitle them to everything they can obtain by fair means or foul, as soon as those children are old enough for them to be able to benefit at their expense.

If there are younger children, their play hours are shortened, or cancelled, their nerves taxed, and sometimes their health permanently impaired by the care of them.

What a mockery on law and order would be if our policemen were held responsible for the conduct of the citizens and denied the authority to enforce the laws and punish the offenders.

Yet thousands of helpless children are placed in this very position. Held responsible for the actions of the younger ones, punished for their offences, and at the same time deprived of the power to control.

It does not take a very old or very bright child to discover the helplessness of their youthful guardians, and the first seeds of tyranny are sown as soon as the discovery is made.

On the other hand if full authority is given the older child is liable to become tyrannical.

How could it be otherwise?

Their powers of reasoning are immature, their undeveloped judgment influenced by the restrictions the care of younger children necessarily impose, and while longing for freedom from care and responsibility, and the liberty which other children, not similarly situated enjoy, how can they be wise, patient, just and impartial?

Deprived of every other pleasure, how can they fail to give the rein to that love of power which has been developed inherent in all mankind? Does not the very nature of their situation impel them to inflict on their helpless victims, at least a part

of the suffering which they endure, and of which said victims are the innocent causes?

Humanity must take some tremendous strides toward the "higher life" before even men and women above such things; so what can we expect of children?

A great deal is being said recently about "race suicide." There are worse kinds of race suicide than a lessening of the birth-rate of the country, and this is one of them.

"It is not all of life to live," and we could spare a few millions, numerically, if the characters and dispositions of those remaining were not dwarfed and distorted prematurely by cares and responsibilities, immeasurably too heavy for them, limited opportunities and impaired health.

### A Monte Carlo Incident.

**A**TALE of Monte Carlo in which there is a charming touch of pathos is told by Frank Harris in Vanity Fair. It concerns an error made by the croupier at the Trentet-quarante tables; he had declared that black had won and had gathered in a number of the sums staked on the red, when it was discovered that the red was the winner.

The house had to take the players' statements of the sums they had wagered, and though the croupier hesitated and seemed to doubt when some punter named a sum in excess of his usual stake, the *chef-de-partie* invariably silenced him with "Payez monsieur." At this point the incident took place which Mr. Harris describes:

The last person to be paid was a little lady whom one would call "shabby genteel." There was an air of faded finery about her. She was probably sixty years of age, and had suffered, evidently, for round the eyes and mouth her face was covered with fine lines. Her hands were beautifully kept, and she had a trick of lifting from her reticule a little lace-edged handkerchief from time to time and putting it to her nose. To the horror of the Casino and the amusement of the bystanders, this little lady rose to the occasion. When the croupier asked her "How much, madam?" she looked up at him quite gravely, and replied, "Sept mille"—seven thousand francs!

Everybody gasped. She was well-known, a frequenter of the table, and never ventured more than a louis. One could not help admiring the way she challenged fortune.

"Madame," replied the croupier, rudely, "you mean one louis," and he threw the two louis across to her.

Without attempting to touch them, she opened her reticule and took out her handkerchief and sniffed it, repeating, "Sept mille, s'il vous plait."

The table burst into laughter. The dear old lady scarcely showed any surprise; her eyes twitched, but that was all.

"Madame," said the *chef-de-partie*, leaning towards her from his high chair, "Madame must have made a mistake; there was no bank-note on the table. See!"—and he pointed to the mass of money.

She looked up at him quite gravely, and repeated, in the same quiet voice, "Sept mille, monsieur, s'il vous plait."

In the hush that followed an inspector spoke to the *chef-de-partie*, and in another moment he said, "Payez madame," and the croupier began to count out the notes. He paused on the seventh, and then went on counting, eight, nine, ten, until he got to the fourteenth, and pushed the fourteen thousand francs across to the old lady.

Clearly this was too much for her. She had wanted seven thousand francs, but had not, on the spur of the moment, thought that she would be paid, of course, fourteen thousand. But again she rose to the occasion, and, with a firm decision, she counted over seven thousand francs, gathered them up and put them in her little bag, and pushed the other seven thousand francs back. "I said seven thousand," she remarked. And then it must have dawned upon her that she had given herself away a little; for, as the laughter of the bystanders rang out again, she flushed painfully, and then, evidently with the last remnant of self-control, she gathered up her little purse and pushed her seat back from the table, and in a moment was lost in the crowd.

### CANADIAN NORTHERN INTRODUCES A NEW FEATURE.

Don't take lunch with you when you go on the "Lake Shore Express" to Muskoka. Light meals at popular prices are served to the passengers in the coaches; in the dining-parlor cars the service is the best.

Lake Shore Express leaves 10.00 a.m., saves time to all points; get a time table at office, corner King and Toronto and Union Station.

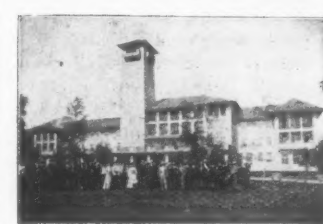
Be convinced, it's the way to go to Muskoka if you want to get there early.

## QUEEN'S ROYAL NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE CANADA

Do you realize that within two hours of Toronto you have the most homelike Hotel in Canada? A visit will prove the excellent cuisine and service. Golf Professional in charge of Course, Tennis Experts, Garage, Distilled water.

WINNETT & THOMPSON, Props. L. W. MAXSON, Manager.

## KING'S ROYAL HOTEL



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**Balmy Beach**  
**Owen Sound, Canada**  
A modern, up-to-date hostelry. Rooms en suite with private baths and private balconies.  
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Golf, Bowling Greens, Tennis Courts, Safe Boating and Bathing, Garage, Miniature Railway, Merry-go-round, Dancing, Band Concerts, etc.  
**FRANK H. NORMAN, Manager.**  
(Late Manager St. Lawrence Hall, Cagouna.)  
Booklet Mailed on Request.

## MUSKOKA LAKES

Unquestionably the best Hotel of this Peerless Resort Region is the

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Temiskaming Lake.

You will enjoy your vacation amid the pines and magnificent water stretches of this famed sportsman's paradise.  
THE BELLEVUE is a modern hotel situated on the Quebec shore of beautiful Lake Temiskaming. All sanitary conveniences, ice-cold Laurentian water piped from the hills. Hot and cold baths on all floors; electrically lighted throughout. Unsurpassed boating facilities and splendid fishing. Lawn tennis, golfing, ball-rooms, etc. Ideal climate—no hay fever.  
Ontario and Quebec fishing and game licenses; guides and outfits can be secured at the hotel. Don't delay wire for your reservation now, or write for booklet and particulars to the manager, The Bellevue, Temiskaming, P.Q.

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Camp opens early in July



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TORONTO  
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Open July 1, 1907

New Building, New Furnishings, New Everything. Magnificent Bathing Beach safe for smallest child. Boating, Fishing, Golf, Tennis, Croquet, Dancing, etc. Music during luncheon and dinner hours. Electric lights, and all modern improvements.  
Rooms with and without bath, single and en suite. Rates from \$2.00 to \$8.00 per day; \$12.00 to \$17.50 per week. Several new cottages to rent. For information write to Lake Huron Hotel Co., Sarnia, Canada.



# Sporting Comment

A FEW years back there was a tremendous commotion in the United States over the momentous question, "Does the Constitution follow the flag?" Newspaper friends and opponents of the party in power, berated each other in the accepted style, and quoted precedents back to the days of Carthage in support of their contentions, but the dispute ended as it began, with both sides convinced that they had it on the other fellows. But there is one question, somewhat akin, upon which no shadow of doubt can fall—sport follows the flag. As the Briton has been the world's colonizer, so was it inevitable that his sports should find their way to every corner of the earth. In the tropics, where grass cannot be had for love or money, cricket is played on fields of sand with pitches of cocoa-matting, and tennis is indulged in after the greatest heat of the day is past. All sorts of materials are used to counterfeited the courts in more temperate climates—cinders, clay, asphalt and different varieties of woven vegetable fibres, and though these substitutes do not afford the satisfaction that a grass court does, they serve their purpose, in providing sport for a people who consider it as much a necessity as a recreation.

There are also signs that certain British games are finding their way into countries where violent forms of exercise were not formerly looked upon with favor. The Stade Francais, the most prominent athletic organization in France, has taken up football, and is not averse to lining up its teams against the best that England can produce, and they don't make a bad fist of it either. The Parisians are beginning to show an appreciation of the fine points, and they work themselves into a fine Gallic frenzy over the game. "Ha!" they shout, "Vite, vite! Kick the little balloon! Kick it with the foot!" Not very expert advice, to be sure, but the average player doesn't need advice, but encouragement.

It has remained for golf to accomplish the sporting conquest of the world. Golf, the despised, the jeer of the unknown, has girdled the earth, and stands easily first as the most cosmopolitan of sports. The recent winning of the British Open Championship by Arnold Masscy, a Frenchman, gives point to this statement, and in the same connection it might be mentioned that the amateur champion of New Zealand rejoices in the name of Kurepo Tareba, and is a full-blooded Maori. So success at the game is not a sacred preserve for any particular nationality or color, but may be the prize of any man who can show the speed.

The countless thousands of tourists who visit the "Continong" every year has resulted in links springing up all over Europe, mostly in the neighborhood of famous resorts. France has more than twenty, with the best at Cannes, Biarritz, Pan and Nice. Austria has two courses, Germany seven, Belgium three, Holland five, and even Russia has one. Coming farther south to Egypt, there are links at Mena, Cairo, Helwan and Assuan, where grass is as scarce as hen's teeth, and the greens are made of puddled mud covered with sand. At Sierra Leone, where the quinine pill is the chief article of diet, the whites have a club of their own, where they may indulge in a round or two between chills. Coming further east, we find courses at Colombo, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Rangoon, Singapore, and after a jump, in Hong Kong and Shanghai. There is also a club in Kobe, Japan. Near Mexico City the San Pedro club has its home. Torontonians will remember the tournament there last year, as a couple of local "pros" took part and made good.

One could go on indefinitely with a list of out-of-the-way spots where the game flourishes, but enough have been given to show the tremendous spread of this sport everywhere, and the present-day traveler who departs for a long trip without his clubs, is liable to miss a whole lot of fun.

At a meeting of the Lethbridge Board of Trade last week Mr. George Honk drew public attention to the fact that the Dominion Government was bringing two hundred and fifty buffaloes into Canada, and were going to locate them somewhere in Alberta.

Mr. Honk continued that the Lethbridge district was the natural range of the buffalo, and he made a statement which, if true, should not escape the notice of the authorities. "When the buffalo was in his natural state," said Mr. Honk "there never was a calf born north of the South Saskatchewan river, let alone as far north as Edmonton." If that statement is true the natural "buffalo preserve" should not be located up Edmonton way.

ON Monday evening the committee of the Canadian Cricket Association met at the King Edward Hotel and selected the eleven to play against the United States in the international match in Toronto on August 5, 6 and 7. The eleven chosen are as follows: L. Black of Grace Church, M. G. Bristowe of Ottawa, F. C. Evans of



Breaking the World's Record.

Flanagan, of New York, making the 16 pound hammer throw at Toronto Island on Saturday last that broke the world's record. The record is 166 feet, 7 1/2 inches. The former record was 164 feet, made by Nicholson, the Scotch athlete.

St. Alban's, C. Gauden of St. Simon's, H. C. Hill of Peterboro, E. G. Hull of St. Simon's, H. B. McGivern of Ottawa, D. W. Saunders (captain) of Toronto, F. W. Terry of Mimico, W. Whitaker of Mimico, H. G. Wooley of Rosedale. Spare men—1, L. J. Shether of Toronto; 2, F. Hamilton of St. Alban's; 3, A. Heighington of Toronto; 4, H. S. Reid of Rosedale. The team thus includes only one Toronto club player, Ottawa two, Mimico two, St. Simon's two, and Grace Church, St. Alban's, Rosedale and Peterboro one each. The match will be played at Rosedale.

It is understood that the committee desired to play two Montreal crick-

eters, Messrs. Baker and Heygate, but they were unable to play. There is some kicking about the team. Some say that it is absurd to have Mr. Lounsbrough off the team—the man who batted 60 and 40 in the international last year. Probably, as he is not playing this year, he had no desire to be in the game. In past years the general complaint has been that new players were not given a chance. Some are saying, also, that Messrs. Beddow and Heighington should have been chosen, and undoubtedly their claims are good. But King Solomon on his wisest day could not have picked a Canadian eleven without calling forth indignant letters in the press. It only takes one man to write a letter. Would it not be as well to send the Canadian eleven into the field encouraged by a few kind words rather than to the sound of jeers, cat calls and assurances that they are the worst ever.

At the time of writing it is not certain whether Messrs. McGivern and Bristowe of Ottawa will accept places on the eleven. It is probable that they will decline, but in the interests of cricket it is to be hoped that they will sink differences and toe the mark.

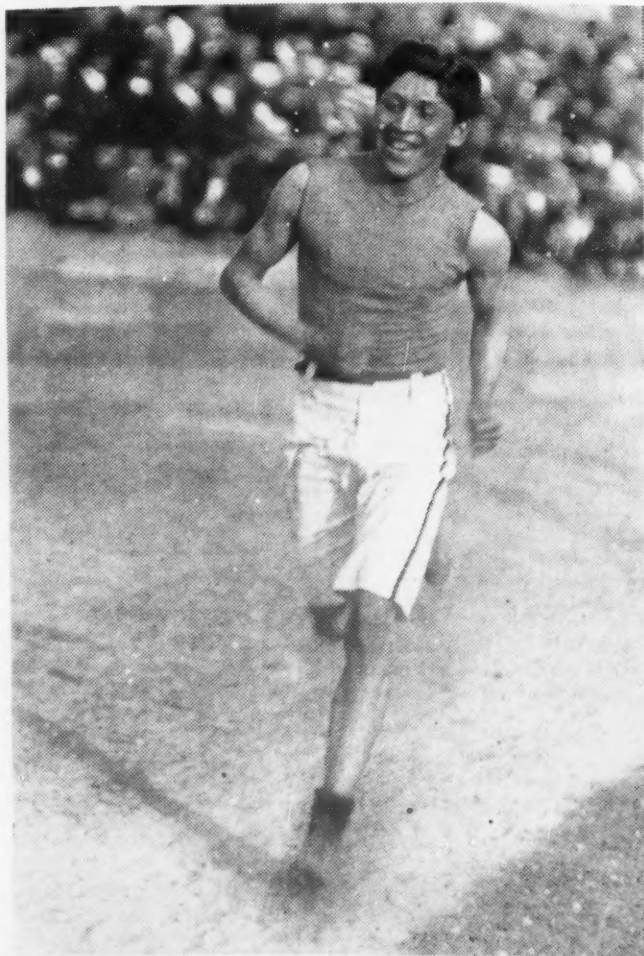
LATEST stories from Larder Lake are to the effect that bears are becoming very much of a nuisance, even a menace to the camp. Quite a few big fellows have been seen in the district, and in several cases they have committed serious depredations.

A few nights ago one big bruin visited one of the Tighe encampments and stole 20 lbs. of bacon. Next morning the loss of this very necessary article for the miners' breakfast was noticed, and traces found around the camp led to the belief that one of the shaggy tribe had been responsible for the theft. Next night a hunt was organized. A dozen miners or so, all armed to some extent, lay in wait around the camp for the return of the bear. Sure enough bruin returned, on the hunt for more bacon, but despite a fusillade of revolver shots, he managed to get away, apparently uninjured.

Next night, however, he was shot and killed by a Toronto man named Wicksteed.

Cases of similar visitations are heard from other parts of Larder Lake, and returned miners say that large numbers haunt the woods around there.

THERE is still living in the village of Ligny, Belgium, a woman who spoke with the great Napoleon on the day of the battle—June 16,



Tom Longboat's Smile.

The picture shows the great Indian runner finishing alone after making a sport that broke down J. J. Daly, the Irish champion, at Toronto Island, on Saturday last.

Egyptian Deities Cigarettes are made of the choicest Turkish tobacco—carried to Egypt and blended by the most famous experts in the world.

No other cigarettes are so exquisitely aromatic—so delightfully satisfying.

No. 3 size—10 for 25c.  
No. 1 size—10 for 35c.

1815—at that place. Her name is Mme Anne-Joseph Rubay, says the London Daily Graphic, and she will reach her 102nd birthday on July 29. Her memory is still perfectly clear as to the incident. Napoleon had established his quarters close to the little farm where she and her mother were alone. Her parents had buried their little stock of money and valuables in the ground and in the morning the Emperor came out and took up his position close to the spot. Fearing that he might discover the hiding place, the farmer's wife, to distract his attention took her head in both hands and pretended to be suffering from toothache.

This attracted the Emperor's attention, and, coming over to the woman, he told her not to be afraid, but added that as the battle was about to be fought she should betake herself and her little girl to a place of safety. He then turned to the little Anne-Joseph, and, patting her on her cheeks, told her to be "a good little girl and take care of her mother."

Encouraged by his kindness, the farmer's wife then told the Emperor that her brother had served in one of his Dragoon regiments, but had not been heard of for several years. On ascertaining the name of the regiment Napoleon replied that it was one of those that had suffered most during the retreat from Russia, but he would have inquiries made. He then told them to hurry off into the forest of Sombreffe until the fighting was over. Mme. Rubay has a perfect recollection of the Emperor's appearance, and describes him as "a little man with a big nose."

She also remembers the scene of destruction and slaughter presented by the village when they returned the next day. She describes the French soldiers as "fine fellows," but her recollection of the Prussians is not so favorable, for "they ate up all our chickens and our two calves without paying for them."

AN official in England tells the following as illustrative of a well-known Scotch characteristic.

Upon his accession to the throne of Norway, King Haakon VII. was appointed colonel-in-chief of a certain Scotch regiment. While dressing for parade duty, an enthusiastic subaltern was communicating this information to a fellow-soldier.

"McDonald," said he, "have you heard that the new King of Norway has been appointed colonel of the regiment?"

"Indeed?" queried the Scot. "That's a verra fine thing, now! But will he be able to keep both jobs?"

## Increase Your Foot Power

This Trade Mark on every pair Put on by all shoe dealers get the pair

## Dunlop "Comfort" Rubber Heels

NIAGARA FALLS CANADA



## The Clifton Hotel

(Just Completed)

LOCATED on a rise of ground at Victoria Point, overlooking the Grand Canyon, it is the only hotel that commands the unobstructed view of the American and Horse Shoe Falls and the Great Gorge. The Cuisine and conveniences are the most perfect modern methods can devise.

Rooms single or en suite, with or without private bath. American Plan rates \$4.10 per day. Beautiful Illustrated Booklet, showing the scenic surroundings, and artistic interiors of this superb hostelry, mailed upon application.

G. R. MAJOR, Manager.

## HOTEL BRANT

Burlington, Ontario. CANADA'S LEADING SUMMER HOTEL is the place to spend your Holidays. Special Saturday to Monday rate. Well Equipped Garage in connection. Furnished Cottages with Sanitary Plumbing to rent. For Further Particulars, write

W. H. LEAVITT, Manager.

"Do you keep good, honest goods here?" asked the fussy old man in the cafe. "Well, sir," responded the waiter, "the whisky's straight, all right, but, to be candid with you, I think the pretzels are crooked."—Cleveland Leader.

Candidate for Crew—Could you tell me where the rhetoric class is being held?

Candidate for Football—I don't know, I'm a student here myself.—Town Topics.

## G.P.R. Hotel System

## Caledonia Springs Hotel

Caledonia Springs, Ont. Midway between Ottawa and Montreal

The wonderful curative properties of these Springs have been proven for over 100 years, and in the opinion of many physicians surpass those of Carlsbad and Marienbad. Those suffering from gout, rheumatism, nervous debility, etc., should certainly write the manager for booklet.

## Aigouquin Hotel

St. Andrews-by-the-sea, N.B.

An Atlantic Coast resort vying with the Chateau Frontenac as to grandeur of site, situated between Maine and New Brunswick. Splendid warm sea bathing and rowing and sailing. One of the finest golf links in the world. Also THE INN under same management at reduced rates.

Apply Manager for booklets.

## Hotel Kawartha

Just the place to spend your vacation. Boating, Fishing, Tennis.

Steamer Kawartha available for parties to any point on the lakes. Cuisine the best.

Open for Commercial trade the year round.

## Fenelon Falls, Ontario

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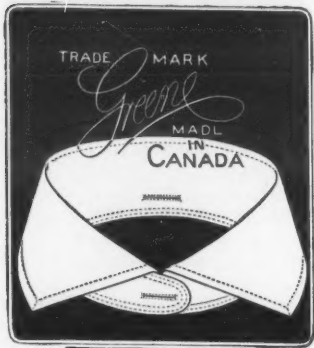
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# MY FIRST DIPLOMATIC MISSION

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

"DON'T hurry, Charlie. I want you for a minute or two. The billiard match can wait."

Rather reluctantly I resumed my seat and refilled my glass. A *tele-a-tele* with my uncle after dinner was wont to be somewhat wearisome, and my saucy little cousin's challenge, as I had held the door open for her a moment before, was decidedly more tempting. Still, was not my uncle also my guardian and a Cabinet Minister, and was not I his paid secretary? And there being no alternative save compliance, I obeyed and waited in silence, mildly wondering whether anything had happened in the House that afternoon which he purposed to communicate to me, or whether I was doomed to an hour or two's somewhat prosy meanderings about things in general.

An unusually long silence rather stimulated my curiosity. Perhaps Kruger had dined with Chamberlain, or Salisbury had gone over to the Reds. Something must have happened, I concluded, noting my uncle's thoughtful countenance, and I hinted at my growing curiosity by a gentle cough.

My uncle rose to the hint. "Charlie," he said abruptly, "could you go abroad to-morrow—to Rome?"

I stared at him in amazement, with my glass suspended midway between the table and my lips. Go to Rome to-morrow, with the London season at its height! What could the old buffer mean?

"Rome!" I repeated feebly, setting my glass down, and inserting the wrong end of my cigar between my teeth. "Ugh! I beg your pardon. Certainly I could, if it were necessary."

My uncle hit his lip, but leaning over the table towards me, went on seriously. "Take another cigar and listen to me. I have been with Dash this afternoon, and he agrees with me that someone must leave to-morrow for Rome with most important despatches for Sir Henry Odell. I mentioned your name—recommended you, in fact. Dash had no objection, so long as I vouched for your discretion, which I ventured to do. But remember, Charlie, the matter is an extremely important one, and we do not care for even the barest rumour of your mission to get about. And there must not be a second's delay. You must travel night and day until you reach Rome. A good deal hangs upon your zeal and discretion in this matter, and, unimportant though your part in it may be, do it well, and it will be a start for you."

Needless to say I was delighted with the mission, and swore to myself and to my uncle that I would be as discreet as Disraeli, and as swift as steamboats and express trains would allow me. Another thought, too, filled me with pleasurable anticipations of my coming journey. For had not Sir Henry Odell, grizzled old baronet, carried away from me my first sweetheart, pretty Nellie Aveland, the rector's only daughter down at Whilton, my old home, and had I not often wished to see her again? Poor little Nellie! Could I ever forget her, as in our last stolen interviews she had flung a little white arm around my neck, and with her large, innocent blue eyes filled with tears had sobbed out that, though her parents insisted upon her marriage with the old baronet her heart was always mine? How delightful to think that I should see her again so soon!

At noon on the following morning I was on the platform at Charing Cross, with a small portmanteau in my hand, my sole luggage, and in due course I crossed the Channel, journeying through the mighty tunnel, and found myself careering down through Italy, within a few hours of my destination. At L—, there was a brief halt for refreshments, and, carrying with me my portmanteau (I knew too much of railway travelling in Italy to leave it in the carriage) I formed one of the mob of hungry and thirsty travellers who besieged the refreshment rooms.

At the door of the room I had a great surprise. I caught sight of a figure which struck me at once as being familiar, and my heart gave a sudden leap, half of astonishment, half of pleasure, for when I reached the entrance I stood face to face with Nellie.

"Lady Odell!" I exclaimed, and, with a violent start, she turned round and recognized me.

"Charlie!" and the look in her eyes as well as her tone, fulfilled my most sanguine expectations. I was not forgotten.

"You here?" she went on in astonishment; "and carrying your own luggage, too, like a veritable Cook's tourist! Where on earth are you going to?"

"To Rome. And you?"

"Also to Rome." She had gone to L— to see an old schoolfellow off to England, and was alone, except for her maid. She was waiting for a parcel—a letter, in fact—which she had promised to deliver for her friend in Rome, and could not leave till the next train. It was only an hour's delay, and it was a faster train. Of course I would wait for her?

I hesitated, and, alas! yielded. An hour could make no difference, and, besides, it would be too late to see Sir Henry that night. Yes, I would wait, and, amid a shower of eager questions, I watched the train glide off to Rome without me.

We stood talking for about half an hour, and then she stopped a porter and asked a question. She appeared perplexed at his reply; he repeated it, and passed on, and she looked up at me with a gesture of annoyance. She had been misinformed. There was no other train to Rome until 6.30 in the morning. Whatever should we do? and she looked up half piteously, half-comically.

My first impulse was one of decided anger, and a very British oath escaped through my teeth. But how could I be angry with her? And, after all, it could make no real difference. I had travelled all the way without an hour's real repose, and a night's sleep would do me no harm; and so I determined to make the best of it, and console my companion in misfortune, consolation which she needed very little, however, and indeed, somewhat to my surprise, she seemed inclined to regard the *contretemps* as a capital joke. There was but one decent hotel in the place, we learnt, and there I proposed leaving her and her maid, while I sought quarters elsewhere. But to this she strongly objected.

"You silly goose, Charlie," she laughed; "we are not in England, you know, and you forget I have Hannah here with me. There isn't the least necessity for you to run away, unless you want to."

Needless to say I did not run away. We dined alone, and lingered long over the meal, and until late in the evening, full of reminiscences of our childhood and barely veiled allusions to that other period of our life, and even that parting in the old rectory garden. We lived the old days over again, and never in those times had I found Nellie Aveland so fascinating and bewitching as Lady Odell now was. She seemed scarcely changed at all except that her figure was improved and her face just a trifle thinner and paler. But her tones had never been more tender or her manner more captivating, and I began to fear that unless I was very careful indeed I should make a fool of myself, for Lady Odell was fully as attractive to me now as had been Nellie Aveland in the not very distant past. After a while our conversation gradually drifted into things of the present, and with some little importance in my tone I told her of my passion to her husband. She laughed merrily, and clapped her hands.

"Fancy you, Charlie, a special envoy! Do let me look at your despatches!"

"I shook my head. "Quite impossible," I declared, in an official tone as near as possible a counterpart of my worthy uncle's.

She fairly screamed with laughing. "Why Charlie, I don't believe you've got any!" she cried. "You're only hoaxing me. Why, you couldn't get a despatch-box in that little portmanteau."

I undid the strap and held out a long black ebony case with silver knobs at each end.

"What a funny box for despatches, Charlie!"

"They're generally used at the F. O. now," I replied carelessly.

This was a most atrocious fib. The fact was, my despatches, consisting only of one short letter, I had not been provided with a despatch-box. The long black case was the exact facsimile of one in which I generally kept my shaving implements, and which was now reposing at the bottom of my portmanteau. I had bought the pair at a shop in Bond street only a week or two before, meaning to present them to my cousin for glove-boxes, but for some reason or other never did so. The one came in so nicely for my shaving things, and the other had caught my eye when glancing around for something in which to keep my precious document, and, attracted by its official-looking appearance, I had utilized it for that purpose.

"I wonder whether there is anything important in that letter," she remarked meditatively, after a short pause. "Nothing to call us back to England, I hope Charlie; I hate England!"

I expressed my total ignorance of the contents of the letter.

"You do not expect me to divulge them even to you, Nellie," I added somewhat reprovingly, but she was silent.

It was very late before we said good-night, but at last Nellie rang for her maid and left me.

"Shall Hannah see about your bag being sent up?" she asked carelessly, as she rose to go.

"No, thanks. When will you remember, Nellie, that a special envoy never lets his despatches out of his sight?" I added, laughing. "Well, just as you like," she said. "Good-night."

It was not long before I also retired; but not feeling in the least sleepy, and finding a very comfortable lounge in my room, I lit a cigar and sat up for a while. The hotel seemed quite quiet; apparently everybody else had long ago retired. I was rather startled, therefore, when all of a sudden I heard a light footstep pass along the corridor and halt outside my room. I listened for a moment, and then, without quitting my position, shouted out, "Who's there?" No answer, no sound of retreating footsteps. Very strange, I thought, and, moving across the room, opened my door and looked out. Not a soul was in sight. I shut my door and very soon dismissed the circumstance from my mind. Someone, no doubt, retiring late had lost his way, and had paused to read the number over my door, and as I was beginning to feel sleepy, I slowly undressed and got into bed, and very soon was fast asleep. Scarcely half an hour could have passed when I woke with a slight start and an indefinite sense of something being wrong. The moment I opened my eyes and looked around I saw to what I owed my awakening. The door of the room stood wide open and a woman was standing just inside, with her back to me, holding a shaded lamp in her hand. My first impulse, and I very nearly yielded to it, was to jump out of bed; my next to lie quite still and watch the figure through half-closed eyes. She was standing nearly in the middle of the room, looking eagerly around, and with a start, which very nearly betrayed me, I recognized Nellie, with a white scared look on her face. I could scarcely believe that it was not a dream, but I held my breath and waited. Suddenly she seemed to discover the whereabouts of what she sought, and with a rapid gliding movement she drew near the dressing table, and caught up a long black case which lay there. She tried to open it, but it was locked. Then she secreted it in her dress, and turning rapidly round—so rapidly that I only just had time to close my eyes—she glided out of the room and shut the door.

I sat up in bed and held my head in a maze of bewilderment. Then the thing grew clear to me, and I smiled as I felt under my pillow and drew out my despatch-box with the precious letter inside. Of course I could see how it was now. Nellie had always been an inveterate practical joker, and she had no doubt hit upon the idea of making off with my despatches, and herself conveying them to her husband. But I shouted with laughter until the old bed grew creaky, and the shaky mahogany poles rattled, as I reflected that she had made off with my razor-case, and as it was locked she would not, in all probability, discover the mistake until she presented it to Sir Henry. Sleep was now out of the question, so I rose, smoked another cigar, read for awhile, in the grey dawn, and then made an elaborate toilet, minus the shave, and descended into the breakfast-room. As I expected "Madame" had left by the early train, and there was a note for me. I tore it open.

"Dear Charlie—I think perhaps that I had better not be seen travelling in Rome with you alone, at such an unearthly hour, so I am going on by the early train. How I envy you in the express! You will reach Rome only half-an-hour later. Shall see you this afternoon, I suppose. Yours, "Nellie."

I smiled; nay, I laughed many times during the consumption of my matutinal meal, to the great surprise of the waiter, who seemed astonished to see an Englishman indulge in such unseemly, and, apparently, causeless mirth. In due course I arrived in Rome and drove straight to the Embassy. Business first, I thought, and presented my letter, rather surprised that Sir Henry did not greet me with a burst of merriment. He was very courteous, though, and affable; but as I watched him read, although he had never been a friend of mine, I was greatly grieved to see how bowed down and ill he looked, and an idea which had occurred to me, that this

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letter concerned his resignation, was confirmed. He read it through slowly, and then folded it up.

"Has Lady Odell returned?" I burst out.

To my astonishment, Sir Henry drew himself up and flashed a haughty glance upon me.

"Sir?" he said, in a tone of stern interrogation.

I stammered and then hastened to explain, but my tale seemed to amuse him very little.

"You have had a very narrow escape, sir," he said quietly. "Lady Odell left me a fortnight ago."

"Left you?" I repeated, in an idiotic manner.

"Yes, he went on, in a low tone and with averted head; "her conduct

has repeatedly been a source of annoyance to me, and, recently, has been such as to make her the talk of Rome. A fortnight ago she left me. Rumor asserts that she is—under the protection of a certain Signor Tubelli, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs here. I have taken the necessary steps to procure a divorce. You have had a very narrow escape, sir; Tubelli is a dangerous man, and would give much to learn the contents of this letter," and he touched it lightly with his fore finger. "Let us change the subject."

I left Rome the next day on very good terms with Sir Henry, but Nellie I did not meet again. I wonder whether Signor Tubelli uses my razors?





## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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## !?! POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE !?!

### Will Mr. Tarte Bob Up Again?

AS was intimated in a paragraph in this department recently people in the Province of Quebec are watching with curiosity what position Mr. J. Israel Tarte will take in the return of political broil and political babbling which seems to be inevitable in the near future. Will this little gentleman to whom for thirty years politics was the life of his body and the breath of his nostrils, be content to remain quiescent? To many his position seems to be something like that of the famous "Chien D'or," who is seen in the antiquities of Quebec, who says, "I am a dog gnawing a bone; I am quiet while I am gnawing my bone; but I can bite if I am molested," or words to that effect. Perhaps this is not a good analogy to apply to so genial a politician as Mr. Tarte, but at any rate it expresses the idea that he is not a dead dog yet by any means. How far he is in touch with Mr. Bourassa in his independent campaign no one seems to know, but it is certain that he is too shrewd a politician to reveal himself until his own good time. If, however, he has forgiven Sir Wilfrid Laurier for the snub he received when he was abruptly dismissed from the federal cabinet five years ago, he has belied his own past.

It is now thirty years since J. Israel Tarte first became a prominent figure in Canadian politics and at first he was known to the inner circles rather than to the public at large. The shrewd eye of Sir John A. Macdonald had detected in the debonair and witty journalist a skilled aide, and in 1878 he achieved remarkable success as Conservative organizer of the city of Montreal. After that victory he was given a public dinner by the Conservatives of Montreal and presented with a gold watch. Men from Toronto attended and while recognizing him as an indefatigable organizer, he was not regarded as a man who was ever likely to become a cabinet minister. But Mr. Tarte had other ambitions. Poor as he was, his livelihood consisting of the revenues from two or three little newspapers he owned from time to time and his organizer's salary, he sought and obtained a seat in the Commons.

### The Great Energy of the Man.

HIS magnetism, energy and vitality were, it is said, regarded with a nervous eye by the older heads of the party in Quebec, where rivalry for cabinet positions is, or at any rate was much keener than in the province of Ontario. There every man is a politician; here it is surprising how large a percentage of prominent men keep their politics, if they have any, a secret unto themselves. It is said that in private conversation Mr. Tarte used to allude to the older heads of his party in terms that would be freely translated in the vernacular of Ontario as "old stiffs." In the later eighties he began to suggest to Sir John A. Macdonald that he be taken into the cabinet in place of some one or other of the "old stiffs," and pointed out truly enough that the province was slipping away from its former political allegiance to the Conservative party. Sir John was a man with a peculiar knack for soothing the ambitious with fair words and he had to do a good deal of soothing in the case of Mr. Tarte. Ottawa being near to Montreal it was not difficult for the Montreal journalist to jump on the train and call on the old chieftain, and then one day he began to express the opinion that Sir John was what in our lingo we would describe as a "jollier." The chieftain would advise him to bide his time, to be patient, that there was something coming to him soon. Mr. Tarte, who was poor with a growing family, found these assurances pleasant but by no means profitable.

### When he Dumped into Sir John.

ONE day in a fit of ill-humor he thought he would hurry up matters with an editorial giving a hint of independence. A day or two afterward he visited

Sir John and said jauntily: "Well, Sir John, do you see what I had to say the other day?"

No doubt Mr. Tarte desired to square things, but the old man turned on him in his quiet, but significant way, and said:

"Yes, Mr. Tarte, and now you can go to h— Good day!"

At least that is how the story runs, and all will agree that this was one of Sir John's mistakes, so far as the fortunes of the Conservative party were concerned, although he did not live to reap the whirlwind. He had alienated one of the best organizers that ever stood in shoe leather and also a man who understood better than anyone else the public opinion of Quebec and the vulnerable parts of his own political party.

The public is aware of what followed: of how Mr. Tarte proved a bloodhound in unearthing Conservative scandals; of how he became Liberal organizer for Quebec (and didn't get his salary); of how he engineered the great victory of Laurier over the bishops in 1896 and became Minister of Public Works, a post he held for over six years, until dismissed in the autumn of 1896 for publicly advocating a high protective policy without the sanction of his leader. It is something to the credit of Mr. Tarte that during the six years he held the portfolio in what is the "scandal" department of all governments, the Conservatives watching every opportunity for revenge could not bring him to book for any improper deal. In fact he drove so close a bargain that many Liberals who obtained contracts claimed that he was ready to bankrupt them. No doubt it was because he understood the temper of his people that he opposed the sending of troops to South Africa without the sanction of Parliament.

### Later on he Collided with Laurier.

IN passing it may be said that some ultra-imperialists in Ontario took precisely the same view as Mr. Tarte, from a different motive. It was their desire that this imperial action should have the ratification of the representatives of the whole people. The action of Laurier, unconstitutional as it was, was popular in Ontario, and the famous factitious cry "Down with Tarte" was raised. Mr. Tarte said at the time that he could make twenty speeches in Ontario and quell it, but every Liberal candidate in Ontario save one was afraid to let him venture on his platform. Less than two years later he made his boast good, for on every fair ground in Ontario the cry "Hurrah for Tarte!" was raised. His tour in 1902 was a whirlwind. Laurier never made such a successful tournee in this province. Without a tithe of his leader's gifts of oratory, his vivacity and magnetism, supplemented by his beautiful and expressive eyes and mobile countenance, captured Liberal and Conservative alike. Why then the catastrophe? It appears to have been caused by the fact that at the time no one in the federal cabinet believed that Sir Wilfrid Laurier would return to Canada alive or in a condition to retain the reins of office. At least four members of the cabinet aspired to be his successor. Tarte had Quebec; all he needed was Ontario and the prize was his. He got into the field first. But it was a false start. Sir Wilfrid recovered and returned to Canada to learn that he could only retain other trusted ministers by dismissing Mr. Tarte, and he could hold Quebec without Mr. Tarte, and the reader knows the rest. But probably Sir Wilfrid is worrying as much as any one else as to where Mr. Tarte stands to-day.

### One Plan that Didn't Work.

ONCE of late years gossip in inner circles has it, Mr. Tarte conceived a political plan. He had in mind the famous alliance between Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir George Etienne Cartier, under which relations between Upper and Lower Canada were most harmonious. He thought that if an alliance could be made with an Ontario leader like the late E. F. Clarke, having higher probations as a platform, a new and virile political party could be formed, each leader undertaking to quell the jealousies in his own province.

The matter, it is said, was even broached to Mr. Clarke by a friend of Mr. Tarte's, but the member for Toronto scouted the idea, saying that the people would rend both of them.

### When Sir John was in Owen Sound.

THE late Sir John A. Macdonald many years ago attended a great Conservative rally in Owen Sound, and it was there that he got a scare which for the time staggered the illustrious statesman. Owen Sound Conservatives were anxious to give the leader a royal time and for the occasion had erected large arches and decorated the town in great style. Some person or persons keener than the others got a lovely large wreath to present to Sir John, but modesty or something else manifested itself, and the day was wearing on and no presentation had been made. In front of the Queen's Hotel on Union street, was a monstrous arch, decorated regardless of expense. The man with the wreath was told to climb up and drop it into the carriage which contained Sir John in the procession. The procession slowly wended its way up Union street, with Sir John bowing acknowledgments to compliments on all sides. Hidden from view in the arch was the man and the wreath. The



"Mamma, dear! I do wish I was a boy—do you think it's too late?"—Life.

carriage came up and down came the wreath, but instead of dropping into the carriage, it dropped around the great leader's neck, the momentum making it turn around several times. Sir John was nonplussed and paled immediately. His friends in the carriage also lost their wits for some time and several jumped. Sir John's remarkable courage quickly returned and he shouted his thanks to the donor, who, unable to keep hidden, was discovered in the arch. The great statesman never forgot the event and humorously recalled it ever afterwards.

### Voters Faithful Beyond the Grave.

SIR WILLIAM MULOCK, now Judge Mulock, with a friend was making a personal canvass on his own ticket of the electors of North York, and it is said met with some peculiar experiences, the lot of the politician. On one occasion Mr. Mulock called at a residence and asked the man for his vote.

"Very sorry," promptly came the answer, "but if John Smith over there (pointing to the next farm) was living he'd vote for you."

Sir William, it is said, looked him over curiously, and asked: "Are there many more dead men around here who would vote for me?"

Whether they did or not is another story, but the man who gave us penny postage won the contest flying.

### British Journalists in Canada.

SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, president of the S. C. P. R., is doing Canada an important service in bringing to this country as his guests a group of the foremost journalists of Great Britain to see the Dominion from sea to sea. The Canadian Gazette gives us with some particularity the identity of these important visitors:

Times.—Mr. Ernest Brain.

Morning Post.—Mr. P. H. Cochrane, Colonial and foreign editor.

Standard.—Mr. A. J. Dawson, the well-known writer on Colonial and other themes.

Daily Chronicle.—Mr. Harold Begbie, novelist and special correspondent.

Daily News.—Mr. H. W. Smith, chief sub-editor.

Pall Mall Gazette.—Mr. Howard Gray, chief editorial writer.

Westminster Gazette.—Mr. Kenneth Barnes, an experienced writer, and brother of Miss Irene Vanbrugh.

Scotsman.—Mr. T. P. McLachlan.

Glasgow Herald.—Mr. Frank Rinder.

Western Mail (Cardiff).—Mr. J. A. Sandbrook, assistant editor.

Northern Whig (Belfast).—Mr. J. R. Fisher, editor and manager.

Illustrated London News.—Mr. S. Begg, the well-known artist.

The Daily Telegraph will have its representative Mr. McHugh, who accompanies Lord Strathbrooke's team of artillery riflemen to the Dominion, and Mr. Fabian Ware, the editor of the Morning Post, and other foremost English journalists, will also be in Canada this autumn after the rising of the British Parliament. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's guests leaving Quebec, will stop at the leading industrial and agricultural centres on their way to Vancouver and Victoria, where Mr. McBride, the Prime Minister of British Columbia, will await their arrival with the keenest pleasure. "We can confidently promise our confreres a most cordial welcome in every part of Canada and a most informing trip," says the Gazette. "It will be a fortunate circumstance for both Canada and Britain if next year we see a representative delegation of Canadian editors in this country."

As to this it may be said, that two or three months ago the executive of the Canadian Press Association appointed a committee, to see whether it would be possible to arrange for next May, an excursion of the leading editors of Canada to England. The proposal is that the trip shall not be made unless the leading journalists of the various provinces can be included in the party.

### A Story of Norman Duncan.

IT was not so many years ago, for the author of "The Cruise of the Shining Light" is still a young man, that Norman Duncan was a slender lad performing the duties of assistant town clerk in a little town in Ontario. His remuneration was the princely sum of five dollars a week; but, after all, he was very young and the work and the hours were very light.

Duncan worried about that salary a good deal. It didn't strike him as being just right—and to Duncan, in those early years, not to be right was to be very wrong indeed for he had been reared under the strictest sort of surroundings. He knew it was his duty to perform his work properly, and he also knew that it was due to himself that a proper salary be paid.

So one day he approached the chief clerk and, with some hesitation (for the clerk was an elderly gentleman who took personal interest in him) suggested that the amount of salary might with propriety be altered.

The clerk looked at him for a few moments in dumb amazement.

"Do you mean to tell me, Norm, that you want your salary changed?" he almost roared, at length.

"Yes, sir," said Norman, bravely, "because—"

"See here, Norman, isn't your work light enough?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"And you don't have to stay around here, Duncan, more than two or three hours a day, do you?"

"That's so, sir, and—"

"Then what I want to know, Norman Duncan," interrupted the old gentleman coldly, "is what you mean by daring to tell me that at your age, and with this easy work, you want your salary raised."

"That's just it," cried Duncan eagerly; "it doesn't seem that I'm doing right for taking so much money every week for doing almost nothing!"

The old gentleman gasped—and did not decrease his salary.

### A Labor Leader from England.

MR. J. KEIR HARDIE, M.P., leader of the Labor Party in the British House of Commons, was the guest of the Canadian Club of Toronto at luncheon on Monday last. He impressed the four hundred members who gathered to hear him as an exceedingly ready and effective speaker. His address was in the main an argument for Socialism. He explained that the Labor Party in England, of which he is the leading spirit and directing head, is a union of two forces—Labor union and Socialism. Personally Mr. Hardie strikes one as possessing most of the characteristics which a Socialist is commonly supposed to lack. He is calm and logical, as well as being highly intelligent and well-informed. He spoke of Socialism as a humanitarian movement,

opposed to individualism. The chief aims of the creed at present, he said, are food for the children, work for the strong, and comfort for the poor. He referred, as a typical effort of the Labor Party, to the attempt now being made to have meals provided for the starving school children at the public expense. "I am," said Mr. Hardie, "of the working class, born into the working class, living among the working class, and I claim for my class the right to every political position of privilege which the nation has to offer."

Keir Hardie is one of an army of men in this age who, born in poverty, have shown that advance to the higher levels of life is possible to almost anyone who works steadily, patiently and intelligently in that direction. Instead of going to school when he was a small boy he was compelled to set to work in a mine. But he studied as well as he could in spare moments and at night, and later entered the great school of journalism. Naturally he felt very strongly on the subject of the rights of the laboring class, and when he had placed himself in a position to graduate from that class, he continued to devote his energies and his talents toward relieving it of its handicaps, instead of forsaking it and bending his steps toward individual aggrandizement or success as many others have done. On this point Mr. Hardie deserves all praise and honor. He has become famous throughout Britain as the founder and leader of the Independent Labor Party, and has done, according to his lights, all in his power to better the conditions of the millions of people in the British Isles who live in poverty. There is much to be done in this direction. What Socialism will do remains to be seen. It is difficult for a Canadian to understand the conditions of labor and pauperism in England, and there is no need in Canada as yet for a Hardie or a Burns to champion labor and urge the adoption of Socialistic propaganda. Mr. Hardie deprecates individualism, but individualism has made Mr. Hardie. When Socialism in England can produce as good a man it will demand more general consideration and wider acceptance.

### Did not Mean it That Way.

SPEAKING about the fire in Victoria which destroyed an undesirable part of the city, Rev. Dr. Sutherland, whose church had a mission house among the burned buildings, says in a Toronto daily paper: "The section was not of such ill-repute when we first settled there, but has grown so since." The inference was not intended.

### The New Grand Master.

MR. A. T. FREED, of Hamilton, the newly-elected Grand Master of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada, is a veteran newspaper man who has had quite an extraordinary career. He was born in the village of Beamsville, Ont., in 1835. His family moved to Dundas when he was in his tender youth. Here he gave evidence of his independent spirit by seeking employment in the office of the Dundas Warder, although he was under no necessity to commence work so early. He soon made it plain that he was in his proper element in a newspaper office. He delivered papers and became a good printer. Then he went to Hamilton and set type on several papers there. His weekly wage at that time amounted to about nine dollars a week. After a time he drifted over to New York, where he worked at his trade for some time. With the outbreak of the Civil War he joined the Northern army. Bounties were being paid for able-bodied men, and Freed was given three hundred dollars to recruit. He saw service at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. Going back to New York in 1871, he became a proofreader on The Tribune and on The Times. Then he returned to Hamilton and worked on the editorial staff of The Spectator. Leaving Canada once more he went to Trinidad, and also travelled extensively in the States. In 1880 he became associate editor of the Hamilton Spectator, and a year later was appointed editor-in-chief of that paper. He filled the chair with much ability until 1894, when he was appointed inspector of weights and measures by the Dominion Government. He has six counties and the city of Hamilton under his supervision.

Mr. Freed has been an enthusiastic Mason for many years. He has also written some very creditable newspaper verse, notably "The Daddy of Them All," in which he enlarges on the qualities of "Rough John, tough John, bluff John Bull."

### A Gathering of the Clan.

QUITE a crowd of prominent members of the Canadian bar gathered in London during the summer to look after cases before the Privy Council. As this work is timed to fill in the hot weather vacation in the Canadian courts it suits the profession to a nicety. The death of the late Mr. Justice Hall in England caused the Canadian members of the bar who happened to be in London to meet and pass resolutions of regret.

The list of those present made up the following imposing array of names: Mr. E. W. Newcombe, K.C. (Deputy Minister of Justice of Canada), Mr. Charles Lanctot, K.C. (Assistant Attorney-General of Quebec), Mr. Donald MacMaster, K.C., Mr. F. E. Meredith, K.C. (Barrister of the Bar of Montreal), Mr. R. C. Smith, K.C. (President of the Bar Association of Montreal), Mr. H. Gervais, K.C., Mr. Eugene Lafleur, K.C., Mr. Helmhuth, K.C., Mr. L. McCarthy, Mr. T. Brousseau, K.C., Mr. Tilley, Mr. A. R. Creelman, K.C., Mr. Moss, Mr. W. W. Skinner, Mr. C. Wilson, K.C., Mr. J. E. Martin, K.C., Mr. Garneau, Mr. J. W. Cook, Mr. McFarlane, Mr. Sharp.

Newfoundland fishermen are attempting to make whale leather a commercial product, and are said to be meeting with some success. The average whale hide covers a surface of about 1500 square feet. A square foot of the hide weighs from two to five ounces, and is priced as high as fifty cents. The leather is very tough, and is said to have great wearing qualities, and may therefore be adapted to the covering of furniture, buggy tops and seats, and also automobile uses. It is also claimed that it can be used for boots and shoes. Leather made from the intestines of the whale resembles kid, and is very thin and tough. It will take color readily, and is to be offered to glove manufacturers for making the long-sleeved gloves now worn by women.

A VENERABLE newspaper man writes: After forty years in journalism with the run of a hundred exchanges daily before me, there is no one of them all that I find so interesting or which is so regularly read all through as SATURDAY NIGHT. I am always reminded if I fail to take it home to my wife. It is a marvel of varied interest, without a dull line in it.



# The Wiles of the

# Western Reds

By AUBREY FULLERTON



HERE were big doings on the northern end of Vancouver Island a few weeks ago. Two thousand Tsimpsian Indians gathered at Alert Bay, away at the top of the island, and lined up their five hundred canoes along the shores of the inlet. With them they brought great bundles and stacks of miscellaneous merchandise and, for their personal adornment, a bewildering assortment of colored raiment and marvelously ornamented headgear. They brought money, too—gold money and paper money, in heaps and rolls—and, all told, they had in goods and money a stock worth fully thirty thousand dollars. Very evidently they were out for something great, grand and unusual.

The reason of it all was that some time before word had gone forth throughout the Tsimpsian settlements that a potlatch was to be held, such a potlatch, so great, and with so rich a prize list as had never before been held in British Columbia—and there have been many notable and wonderful fetes there, too. The spirit of the thing caught the Tsimpsian fancy. It was precisely what they wanted, and the time was ripe, for they had been storing up for it. And they gathered together their treasures, dressed themselves in their finest, and went to Alert Bay in an ecstasy of expectation beyond that of any white men's crowd that ever went to a world's fair or a wild west circus.

For nearly three weeks the shores and the woods of that northern fastness resounded with the weirdest and strangest goings-on that ever they had witnessed or heard of. It was a soul-stirring, ear-thrilling celebration, a tremendous success as such things go, and an admitted record-breaker. The participants had their fill of fun and furore, and lived over again the glorious days of Indian might. What they did does not signify so much as how they did it. They danced great tribal dances, five hundred pairs of feet at a time; they made and listened to a long succession of speeches and harangues; they gave away with reckless but joyous prodigality the piles of treasure they had brought; they went through strange religious rites and contortions; they sold a number of maidens to the highest bidders. They were out for a big time, and a big time they had.

It is the distinctive aim and purpose of a potlatch to give away or destroy the greatest possible amount of wealth. There is no better illustration of the inborn extravagance of the Indian character. The potlatch is in fact a great competition, the rivalry in which is to prove who can afford to give away the most. Among some of the tribes it is the annual method of electing a chief. One candidate on election day advances, for instance, and breaks a gun; another breaks two guns; and the man who is able to produce and demolish the most is the man chosen, by virtue of his greatness, as chief. The more important affairs, however, are held at intervals of several years, their purpose being to establish the claim of the chief who, among all the chiefs of all the tribes and clans, is most entitled to honor and dignity. In preparation for the event the rival chieftains lay by, sometimes for years, a store of all available wares, preferably blankets, guns, trunks, and provisions, to which store, inasmuch as the affair is one of tribal pride, the braves are all supposed to contribute. When the potlatch is announced and the day of distribution has come, these wholesale stocks of goods and chattels are promiscuously given away and with a mad abandon showered upon a willing public. The end of the game finds them impoverished but conscious of duty done, and someone has gained the honor of the tribes.

Now the thing of note about this celebration is that it was against the will of the Government and the wish of the church, both of which powers have been using their influence to put a stop to the potlatch as a custom working harm and mischief to the Indian-folk. There can be no question that these wild give-away games tend to encourage not only spendthriftness and senseless extravagance, but leads directly to crime and theft as means by which the supply of presents is obtained. More than this, the frenzied ecstasy into which the people are driven is accompanied by various excesses and immoral ceremonies, and the net effect of the celebration as a whole is debasing. For these reasons the joint influence of missionaries and Government officials is directed against the custom, in many cases with success. But now and then the Indian love of his historic potlatch breaks out afresh, and this last grand blow-out of the Tsimpsians seems to indicate that the red-man loves his evil ways as much as ever. There are other evidences, too, of his inclination to assert his own likings and what he believes to be his own rights, when in conflict with those of the white man.

In May last a great pow-wow of coast Indians was held farther south on Vancouver Island. They came from several different reserves and represented different tribal parties, but they were united now in one common object, namely to enter a protest against the action of the Government in restricting their hunting privileges. They demanded equal rights, for the Babine Indians had the privilege of hunting where they pleased; the fact that they were given weekly bounties of tea, sugar, and flour, and the Babines were given none, did not to their mind make it any more just that the latter should have compensating privileges. Equal rights they demanded, and the speeches were sharp and warm.

The Government's Indian agent got an inkling of the gathering and, accompanied by a local magistrate, went to see what was doing. Time was when a magistrate, especially if he had a few bits of blue paper in his pocket, could inspire a certain awe in the heart of a redskin, and his word was final and abiding. But the chief who was directing the ceremonies at this particular pow-wow had become better acquainted with the white men's scale of dignityship: he was Chief Joe Capilano, who had head-

ed the delegation of British Columbia Indians to King Edward last year, and thus initiated into the vastness of the power beyond that of even a magistrate he delivered a most picturesque body-blow to the dignity of this local justice of the peace by deliberately remarking:

"We have grievance you cannot settle. You have a father in Ottawa who will be the one to fix our grievance, not you. The Babine Indians went to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and got what they wanted. He is a good, kind man."

The town of Cardston, in Southern Alberta, wished to buy a strip of land from the reserve of the Blood Indians. The land was of no practical use to the Indians, but it was of such value to the town, which it adjoined, that a good round price was offered for it this spring. It was a regular Friday bargain offer for the red men and most of them were at first in favor of selling; but Chief Crooked Wolf undertook, for sake of having his own way, to kill the proposition, and he did it. He canvassed every vote on the reserve, argued, threatened, coaxed and bribed, until when the vote was taken late in June the majority against the proposed sale was three to one. And the town goes without its annex.

Both of which incidents serve to show that the Indian man of affairs is becoming sophisticated and is not only learning the distinctions and methods of the white man's politics, but is adopting them himself. He is developing his own opinions, too, and the courage of his convictions.

A short time ago the city of Victoria, capital of British Columbia, made a proposal to the Songheew Indians to exchange other land for a portion of their reserve which the city wished to add to its limits. A mass meeting of the braves was called, and a deputation of Victorians went out to address them on the advantages of the proposed transfer. Each argument was received with applause, punctuated with deep and earnest ejaculations of "Umpwauh!" The Victorians had some reason to believe that their logic and oratory had gained the point and went back to the city happy in that conviction. But when they presently learned that "umpwauh," being translated, means about what the English "bosh" or "hot air" means, they were prepared for the defeat that was afterward given to the scheme on voting day. The red men had faked their applause and ambushed their real opinions behind a colloquialism that they knew the white men did not understand.

Still, the Indian of the far West and the Northern Coast is not universally stubborn or tricky. If he has learned the wiles of the pale-face and clung to the accustomed manners of his race, he has also made some considerable advances toward the white man's good ways. The Western Indians are foremost in their interest in education. Two ex-pupils of an Indian school at Cowichan, Vancouver Island, have built a seventy-foot steamer, and with two others of their kinsmen are operating it. Several of the leading chiefs have abandoned their potlatch celebrations. Missionaries tell of many really remarkable transformations among the northern reds. Port Simpson, which came near being the terminal for the new transcontinental railway, was fifty years ago a nest of barbarism and savagery; to-day it is a civilized settlement, still chiefly Indian, but with modern homes, schools and church buildings, and a pronounced air of respectability about it.

Civilize the Indian as you may, you cannot drive out of him his innate love of celebrating; and no one wants to. The difference between the original savage celebration, as typified in the potlatch, and the civilized variety was illustrated in a celebration of Christmas at Skidegate B.C. Three hundred Indians gathered some days before and built a hall 100 feet long and half as wide, wherein they prepared to observe the holiday. But it was nothing more than a fancy-dress ball. A hundred dancers were on the floor at a time, decked out in paint and feathers, birch bark and furs, costumes and masks. To the best dancers went prizes, and after the dances came a great feast which Christmas morning found them still in the midst of. But that was not so very different from the method of the white man.

## Russians Found Klondike Wealth.

WHILE the world is wondering after forty centuries how the gold and diamond mines of Solomon and Hiram, King of Tyre, could become lost to the world, it forgets that in the goldfields of Alaska there is a similar instance.

There is evidence that the Klondike goldfields were discovered by Russians in the early thirties of the last century and were worked by political slaves to a considerable extent before being abandoned and forgotten.

It is now recalled apropos of the new branch of the Alaska Central Railway up the Yentna that in 1832 the Russians explored that district thoroughly, and mined thousands of dollars' worth of gold on the Anau river in the Seward peninsula.

The instruments which they used and the chains with which the convicts were hobbled while they worked will be part of the Russian occupation exhibit of Alaska at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition, which will be held at Seattle in 1909.

The discovery in the Klondike was made in a dramatic way. A short distance above Discovery Claim, on Hunter Creek—chief tributary of the Klondike—several miners were working a lay. That is, the ground belonged to some one else and they worked it, agreeing to pay all expenses and turn over a certain percentage of the gross output, usually fifteen per cent, to the owner of the ground.

When the ground was opened two feet the miners came across traces of a tunnel. The timbers that shored

the walls were old and rotten and the tunnel looked as if it had not been worked for a century.

At the end were evidences of a tragedy. The bones of two men were found past a cave-in, which had evidently imprisoned them beyond all rescue. On their legs there still clung the manacles with which they had been hobbled. The men had been caught by the cave-in and for some reason were not rescued. Beside them were their century old picks, heavy, blunted and inefficient instruments.

The bones were buried, but the instruments and leg irons were saved.

In 1832 a Russian dog mail on its way from the interior to Sitka discovered traces of gold on the Anau. An old trading post on the Koskokwim, the ruins of which are still to be seen, was the headquarters of Russian trade in that district. The Anau river was known then as the Yellow river, and so appears to-day on the Russian maps. For years this discovery was worked, but the Russians, never good prospectors at best, abandoned gold mining as soon as the deposits in the vicinity of the original discovery were worked out.

It has been asserted that the Russian government had records of the vast gold deposits in the Klondike, and had that portion of the country been Russia, and not British, the United States would never have had the opportunity to purchase Alaska.

One thing is certain, that the gold deposits of both the Yukon and Alaska were worked half a century before Skookum Jim made his famous discovery on the afternoon of August 16, 1896, and opened a new kingdom for the gold seekers.

## German Dread of the King.

KING EDWARD seems to be the bugaboo of certain continental writers, and the cartoonists hold him up as the highwayman of world politics and the arch-trickster of modern diplomacy. In the current number of the Berlin *Gegenwart*, Rudolph Martin, a prominent official of the German Government, speaks in almost terror-stricken tones of King Edward's manoeuvres. We read:

"King Edward appears to be a very clever diplomatist. Germany is gradually becoming surrounded by a syndicate of anti-German powers, organized by the British monarch. Perhaps more surprises are in store for the German Empire; but it is one thing to weave intrigues, and quite another thing to wage war. Germany's military power has never been more predominant in Europe than at the present time; nevertheless, in view of this gigantic coalition of anti-German powers, it behooves Germans to make up their minds to what they ought to do and what they ought to leave undone. Above everything, we must lend the anti-German coalition no money with which it might wage war against Germany. It would be high treason for German financiers to take part in another Russian loan, for nothing would be more welcome to King Edward, in the pursuance of his anti-German policy, than that Germans should lend Russia large sums of money for the reconstruction of her naval and military armaments, for the purpose of taking part in a war against Germany."

The writer still further enlarges on the cunning of the British monarch and his determination to crush Germany, as follows:

"The Spanish fleet will be reconstructed with English money, for the same purpose of taking part in a war against Germany. It was a severe blow to the anti-German coalition, to which Russia belongs, when in April, 1906 Germany refused to become a party to the loan of £100,000,000 to Russia. If we had lent £50,000,000 to Russia, that country, after receiving the money, would have utilized her newly found financial resources to carry on an anti-German policy. During the last six months strenuous efforts have been made in London, Paris and St. Petersburg to arrange in Germany a loan for Russia, because the transference of £50,000,000 from Germany to Russia would strengthen the financial resources of the anti-German coalition, and, at the same time, weaken the financial resources of the German Empire to the same extent. This is the object of the astute policy pursued by King Edward and the British Government."

## Chamberlain and the Cartoonist.

IT is interesting to recall, says P. T. O., that Joseph Chamberlain when at school at Camberwell (where he was born) gave an inkling of his future career. He and his fellow-scholars decided to found a peace society, and they succeeded in their object, despite the objections of the master, who feared peace arguments might lead to war. When it came to electing a president, Mr. Chamberlain was soon leading a debate, which became so heated that it culminated in a fight and the collapse of the society.

His school days over, he devoted himself to commercial pursuits to such good purpose that he had realized a handsome fortune by the time he was thirty-three; and that was his age when he stood for the town council at Birmingham. Seven years later he first entered the House of Commons. In the same year he delivered his maiden speech in Parliament, "in a low, clear, and admirably pitched tone, in excellent English, and with a manner perfectly self-possessed, with being self-assertive." So well did he succeed as a legislator that by the close of his first Parliament he was recognized as a power to be reckoned with, as well as a debater of great ability and an orator of note. As his features lend themselves so admirably to the art of caricature, the caricaturists, too, have undoubtedly contributed something to his popularity with the man in the street. One artist, it is said, has put him in almost a thousand cartoons. It says much for Mr. Chamberlain's sense of humor that he should, on one occasion, have written to Sir F. Carruthers Gould asking for a complete set of his sketches regarding himself. This request was acceded to, "F. C. G." stating in an accompanying letter that "the set is not yet complete."

A DESPATCH from Vancouver states that Esquimalt, which was some time ago abandoned as a British naval station is likely to again become a naval base. The announcement is made that the British Government has decided to store twenty-five thousand tons of Cardiff smokeless coal at Esquimalt as a precautionary measure. The first two shipments are already en route. It is thought in Vancouver that the eastern war cloud and the transfer of an American squadron to the Pacific may result in a rearrangement of Britain's naval force there.

Lady Laurier lives among her plants and flowers and domestic pets and is known in all the country around as a kind and delightful neighbor. She has no family of her own, but delights in gathering children around her. She is never seen on political platforms or signing her name to a magazine article but her influence is none the less real and far-reaching.—New York Sun.

## The British Premier as a Speaker.

REFERRING to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's recent speech in which the British Prime Minister bitterly attacked the House of Lords and its supporters, T. P. O'Connor says: The speech was one of the very best—if not the best—that the Prime Minister has delivered in all the forty years of political life through which he has passed. It was full of fire, of fight, and of eloquence from its first word almost to its last. And in some passages it was unusually vehement, not to say merciless, in personal attack. C.-B. is a gentle and kindly man, but he has his antipathies and I am inclined to believe that Mr. Balfour is one of these antipathies. It may be that in the last Parliament, in his day of omnipotence, Mr. Balfour occasionally used observations about C.-B. which showed a certain arrogant superiority that was well calculated to make even the kindest of men feel resentment. It may be that the two men are of such different political temperaments that they repel each other. I do not know the secret, but it is certain that C.-B. used to Mr. Balfour language of unusual severity and of a directness of attack which showed a certain underlying bitterness. It may have been merely personal, it may have been merely political; anyhow, it was bitter.

C.-B. says of himself that he has not the gift of the gab, which in a sense is true, and in a sense is false. He speaks somewhat stumbingly, has none of that easy and almost overwhelming flow of language for which Gladstone was distinguished, none of the easy delivery for which Chamberlain in his best days was famous. But when he does get the word he is seeking, it is always the right word. I know no man in the House of Commons who can make a speech more lucid, more choice and terser-diction than C.-B. But he is not very ready. He never speaks without a considerable bundle of notes. The notes are not anything approaching, I believe a verbatim copy of what he is going to say. Very few speakers in the House of Commons do write out every word of what they are going to say, first, because most of them have not the time to do so; and, secondly, because most practised debaters know that a written-out speech is nearly always an ineffective speech. Of all things which fail to reach the ear or heart of an audience, nothing is so bad as the spoken essay. With several sheets of ordinary notepaper C.-B. rises. He has a curious little mannerism, which is to use the bundle of notes as a fan, and to pass them up and down in front of his face. Without these notes he would be lost, and thus it is that whenever he has to make a speech, the bundle of half sheets of notepaper is one of the invariable accompaniments. It may be a small bundle or it may be a big one, but a bundle he has to have.

## Literary Anemia.

SOME blight of feeling seems to be withering alike our capacity of deep enjoyment and of great production. So remarks a writer in *The Nation*, London, in dismay at the anemic condition of modern literature. "We must go back more than a century," it is asserted, "to find a time so barren as the present of great utterance in verse or prose." In an effort to find some of "the influences of our time adverse to great literature, its production and its enjoyment," only one true answer, according to the writer, can be found. It is this:

"Our incapacity for great passions. The reason for this is not that we live in a scientific, mechanical age. . . . There is no reason to suppose that the marvelous advances of the physical sciences have encroached upon some limited stock of mental or spiritual energy in the nation. The drive of specialism in all departments of intellectual and practical activity has doubtless had more to do with the paucity of literary and artistic yield. For great literature and art demand the constant presence of the sense of wholeness in life, the universal standard, without which all creative emotion runs into abnormality and precocity. But why do we appear incapable of great passion seeking expression in literary forms? It is not that the wells of national feeling are running dry, that ease of living and personal security have brought languor and indifference. There is no warrant for such pessimism; our energies of mind and body remain unabated; the zest of life, the keenness of intelligence, the craving for enjoyment flow as strong as ever, but they are dissipated in innumerable shallow channels. It is this dissipation of feeling, this distraction of intelligence, that squander our powers of creation and enjoyment."

"But it is not only by distraction and dissipation that the new life of the nation debars itself from wholesome, sustaining, and ennobling literary food. Literature is required to do a larger national work than it has ever yet been called upon to do. . . . Almost all our past writers, except stage dramatists, have written for the classes in a more or less extended sense; even those who, like Wordsworth, dealt simply and understandingly with the common folk were not writing for them; there has been in England no national poet as Burns is national in Scotland. It is the dawning recognition of this new need and opportunity, involving not only a readjustment of poetic forms and values, but a mighty confidence or vocation, that is giving this marked pause in our literary art."

## A Curious Church.

HERE stands upon a hill in the village of Uphill, in the county of Somerset, England, a small and very old church which is surrounded by caves in which the bones of all kinds of animals have been discovered. This historic place of worship, which looks down upon Uphill Castle and the village itself, was at one time the only place of worship for miles around.

For several years no Sunday services have been held within its walls, says the London *Tit-Bits*, and the only time that the public is allowed to worship there is one night in the year—on Christmas eve—when the vicar of Uphill or some other clergyman officiates. There is a footpath leading up the hill to the church, but as the hill is a very steep one and the distance great very few people visit the church. It is by order of the ecclesiastical commissioners that it is opened to the public once a year.

Curious stories are told regarding this interesting edifice, one of which is to the effect that the church was purposely built on the top of the hill so that the preacher could feel convinced of the sincerity of the faith of those who accomplished the task of climbing to it. The church has been visited by people from all parts of the world. It is the only building in England—probably in the world—in which divine service is conducted only once a year.

The biograph has just shown in Melbourne the ruins of Rome, followed by the ruins of San Francisco, and it is remarkable what a likeness there is between Nature's work of 1,500 years and that of a day or two, remarks *The Imperial Review*.



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If you have anything to say to a  
mule, say it to his face.—Chicago  
Daily News.

## Summer Engagements

Girls Should Go Slow—Good Ad-  
vice From An Experienced Woman.

THE summer crop of matri-  
monial engagements is al-  
ways larger than the winter  
crop, and this state of  
affairs is not satisfactory to  
some persons.

These persons, mostly women, have  
a special grievance against the sum-  
mer engagement that ends in matri-  
mony. The summer engagement  
that ends with the summer is another  
story. They have no fault to find  
with that. As for the former, they  
say that it is not so productive of  
happiness as the winter engagement,  
says the New York Sun.

A mother about to be separated  
from her daughter for the summer  
addressed her thus: "Now mind,  
Katharine, I will under no circum-  
stances countenance a summer en-  
gagement. I don't care who the man  
is nor how much in love with him  
you are nor how desperately in love  
with you he says he is, you must re-  
fuse to give a final answer till we  
are back in town. Otherwise I  
shall turn down his application al-  
together and get your father to send  
him about his business. I am not  
going to have a repetition of Lottie  
Smith's experience in your case if I  
can help it."

"Lottie was a silly," the daughter  
interjected.

"So are the majority of girls with  
a summer love affair on hand," the  
mother returned.

Lottie Smith's experience was as  
follows: She was visiting a girl  
friend whose mother owned a fine  
house at a watering place where  
there was a constant round of enter-  
taining day and night. A young  
man just graduated from college was  
visiting the son of the family, also  
just graduated.

He was good looking, he appeared  
to be well bred, and everybody took  
him at his face value without inquir-  
ing particularly as to his antecedents  
or prospects. He was visiting the  
Blanks, and that was enough.

It was more than enough for Miss  
Smith, who was in her first season  
and had not been properly warned  
by her elders. When the man made  
love to her she encouraged him to an  
extent which made him propose  
marriage after an acquaintance of  
five weeks. She accepted him with-  
out reservations, agreeing to keep the  
matter secret till the end of her  
visit, in three weeks.

By the end of that time, thanks to  
his uninterrupted opportunities to see  
the girl, she was so much in love that  
when her father after investigating  
the young man's prospects put his  
foot down firmly and said "No," she  
put down her foot with equal firm-  
ness and announced that if she were  
not allowed to marry the man of her  
choice at home she would run away  
and marry him. As she is an only  
daughter she had her way, the mar-  
riage taking place in November.

Before the New Year the bride was  
wretchedly unhappy, having dis-  
covered what her father had sus-  
pected, that the young man was idle,  
dissolute in his habits and inclined to  
ill-treat his young wife, for whom he  
seemed to care very little.

"Had the girl refused to become  
engaged till after her return home  
the marriage would have probably  
never taken place," the nar-  
rator concluded with a side glance  
at her daughter. "Had she met the  
young man in town? Certainly not.  
It would not have been the same  
thing at all."

"To begin with he would have had  
fewer chances of meeting her. Then  
she would have been apt to wonder  
what his occupation was, or what  
profession or business he intended to  
follow, or if she herself was not cur-  
ious on these points her mother  
would surely be curious, provided she  
found the youth dangling around her  
daughter."

"In the city idle young men, unless  
they happen to be sons of million-  
aires, are looked upon with disfavor,  
while at a watering place all men  
pass muster on the score of idleness  
because it means simply a respite  
from business. At a summer resort  
an ordinarily enterprising young man  
can see more of a girl in one week  
than he could manage in a couple  
of months in town, and under more  
romantic circumstances at that."

"I sometimes think that the adage  
about mischief and idle hands is par-  
ticularly apropos of summer love  
making. I once overheard a man de-  
clare that, given a moonlight night  
within sight of the sea, an orchestra  
playing sentimental ditties and a wo-  
man in a chair beside him and he  
was bound to make love to that wo-  
man no matter how old or how

homely she might be. He simply  
couldn't resist the combination, and  
yet he is nearing middle age and when  
in town is the least sentimental of  
men and one who has not the least  
intention of getting married."

"In the case of younger men and  
women, romantic walks and drives  
and moonlight nights, with piazza  
tete-a-tetes thrown in, are answerable  
for no end of engagements, which  
never would have taken place had the  
two met only in town."

"For instance, there was young  
Smith, a nice fellow, liked by all the  
girls and who was so hard worked in  
a broker's office that in spite of the  
invitations poured on him in winter  
he seldom attended an entertainment  
and never made social calls. He  
liked the gymnasium better and he  
really needed the exercise he got  
there."

"He hasn't much money as yet, but  
he is in the line of succession to get  
a lot, and he is sure, too, to make  
money on his own account. There-  
fore he is, or was, considered among  
the eligibles by mothers with mar-  
riageable daughters."

"But he showed no great liking for  
the society of young women, and for  
three summers in succession spent his  
month's vacation camping at some  
out of the way place with some other  
men. Last summer to please his  
mother, he broke his rule and agreed  
to spend his vacation with her at a  
summer resort. The result? He  
came back engaged. They were mar-  
ried this spring."

"Yes, the match promises to be  
happy. Nevertheless the girl would  
have shown better taste, to say noth-  
ing of judgment, had she made him  
wait for her answer till she got back  
to town in the fall. Four weeks is a  
very short courtship."

"There are very many young  
women, and their number is in-  
creasing fast, I am sorry to say, who  
pride themselves on becoming en-  
gaged before the summer is over in  
the quickest time possible, in fact,  
after reaching a summer resort. Some-  
times this engagement is broken  
soon afterward, but oftener it is kept,  
and I have noticed that this type of  
summer engagement does not often  
result in a happy marriage."

"My housekeeper told me last  
autumn with considerable elation,  
that her young sister was engaged to  
be married. As only a short time  
before the housekeeper had deplored  
the fact that her sister, who was a  
stenographer earning a good salary,  
did not care much for young men and  
probably was destined to be an old  
maid, I expressed my interest and  
asked how it happened."

"It was the familiar story to which  
I listened, and I didn't like it. The  
girl had taken a longer vacation than  
usual, four weeks, and spent it at a  
crowded seashore place principally  
because of the fine bathing there. To  
quote the housekeeper:

"The very first evening at the  
boarding house she was introduced to  
a fine looking young man who was  
her shadow until the morning she  
took the train to come home, and be-  
fore he had known her two weeks he  
asked her to marry him. It was love  
at first sight, he said."

"How about your sister? I asked.  
"Oh, she is engaged to him, all  
right. She said 'yes' the night before  
she came away."

"I asked some more questions and  
found that the housekeeper knew  
next to nothing about the young man,  
but at my suggestion she said she  
meant to inquire. Whether she did  
or not I don't know. The pair were  
married a few weeks later and the  
housekeeper has ceased to be enthu-  
siastic when I ask about her sister's  
married life."

"I am certain it has not worked  
well. The courtship was too short.  
Goodness knows, I am not trying to  
put impediments in the way of young  
people becoming engaged. Far from  
it. But to my mind the summer en-  
gagement following a few weeks of  
love-making amid scenes which pro-  
mote sentimental yearnings is a risky  
thing if it culminates in marriage."

"My advice to young girls in every  
station of life is this: Don't say 'yes'  
till after you have got back to town  
and had time to think it over and find  
out how the hero looks and acts in  
the commonplace environment of city  
scenes."

Mabel (aged six)—Ain't you  
afraid of our big dog? The Parson  
(very thin)—No, my dear. He  
wouldn't make much of a meal off  
me. Mabel—Oh, but he likes bones  
best.—Chicago Daily News.

"I lost heavily on the races yester-  
day."

"A fool and his money are soon  
parted," replied the avaricious person.  
"Ah, but I won to-day."

"A fool for luck."

"She's a very intellectual woman."

"So I hear. Is she intelligent?"—  
Life.

## The Crying Baby

On the Street Car—The Changing  
Feelings of the Passengers.

VAINLY the tired looking little  
woman in the street car en-  
deavored to quiet the bawling  
colicky baby in her lap.

The baby roared and jab-  
bed its fingers into its eyes and kick-  
ed and sprawled and gasped and  
choked and spluttered and then  
roared some more. Each one of its  
roars was so protracted that it seemed  
to some of the less experienced  
passengers that the baby was never  
going to get its breath again for an-  
other holler in this or any other life.

The tired looking little mother of  
the fat baby tried every old dodge  
known to mothers to get the kid to  
pipe down. She chuckled it under  
the chin and told it to look at  
the horses out of the window,  
"pittie ittie doggie" of the lady  
across the aisle and pressed it close  
to her face and crooned to it and  
held it out at arm's length and sang  
out loud to it, and dandled it and  
rode it to Banbury Cross and went  
through all the rest of the baby  
soothing repertoire.

But it was all no go. The baby  
kept right on roaring with all its  
might.

"Must be a pin sticking in it,"  
some of the women in the car said  
to each other.

"All the kid wants is a drink of  
water and an automobile and a silk  
handkerchief and seven or eight  
thousand dollars in nickels," one of  
the bachelor passengers growled to  
his companion.

The stern looking man sitting right  
alongside the mother of the baby at  
length seemed to lose his patience.  
He had been looking straight ahead  
of him, with a heavy scowl on his  
features. Now he leaned over to the  
mother of the squawking infant.

"Say, look-a-here," he said in a  
rough grating voice, "it is pretty  
near time for that kid to cut out its  
hollering, see? Just you shut him up;  
that's all."

Now this surely sounded like a  
queer way for a man to talk to the  
tired looking mother of a squalling  
baby, no matter how much annoyed  
the speaker of the words might be.

The passengers looked upon the  
matter in this light, too. A moment  
before they had all been grumbling  
and growling over the yowling of  
the young one. But now that the  
mother was addressed in such a  
rough and cavalier tone by the  
grouchy looking man in the seat next  
to her they all switched immediately  
over to the mother's side.

"Well, that's a fresh mug, ain't  
he?" the men said to each other.  
"Where does he butt in, anyhow?  
D'je hear the way he addressed that  
poor little woman. That duck needs  
a swing on the jaw, that's what he  
needs."

"Why, the very idea of him talk-  
ing that way to that lady!" was the  
way the women passengers expressed  
it. "Did you ever in all your born  
born days? The impudence of him!  
He just talked like a perfect brute  
to that lady with the baby!"

But the grouchy looking man sit-  
ting alongside the mother of the  
yelling baby didn't appear to be in  
the least bothered by these remarks,  
most of them perfectly audible.

Again he leaned over to the tired  
looking mother as the young one  
continued to bawl, and he said to her  
in a rasping voice:

"Now, you hear what I'm a-saying,  
don't you? You'd better keep that  
kid quiet or you'll hear from me,  
that's all."

The passengers were again am-  
azed, and two men across the aisle  
were just upon the point of getting  
up and saying things to the grouchy  
looking man when the mother of the  
howling young one looked up at him.

"But, Edward, my dear, what in  
the wide, wide world am I do with  
him?" she said to the grouchy look-  
ing man in an appealing tone.

Then all hands settled back in their  
seats and looked foolish.

"Oh, that's it, eh?" they all appear-  
ed to be saying to themselves. For  
it was perfectly obvious to them that  
the grouchy man was the yelling  
young one's dad and the tired looking  
mother's husband, and presumably it  
appeared equally manifest to them  
that, as her husband, the grouchy  
man had a perfect right to bulldoze  
her in public just as much as ever he  
pleased.—New York Sun.

An exchange in speaking of a de-  
ceased citizen said: "We knew him  
as old Ten Per Cent.—the more he  
had the less he spent—the more he  
got the less he lent—he's dead—we  
don't know where he went—but if  
his soul to heaven is sent—he'll own  
the harps and charge 'em rent."—  
Southwesterner's Book.

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## The Point of View

Some Questions to Consider  
During a Quiet Half Hour.

SINCE corsets are generally regarded as exclusively destined for feminine wear, it may come as a surprise to many readers to learn that the annual corset bill of many a smart man is much larger than that of the average smart woman. This is, nevertheless, a fact, according to an English writer.

A leading corsetiere who supplies most of them puts down a good customer's bill at £150 a year. Let no one imagine that it is only fops who wear them.

The majority of wearers are military men, who, I learn, require a greater amount of padding than civilians. Others are ordinary well-dressed men, given to manly sports, and by no means effeminate.

A man's figure has to be gradually coaxed into shape and is first of all put into a soft silk corset with scarcely any bones, until he attains by degrees to the full glory of the perfect figure. This process usually takes three months, and five special makes of corsets are employed in the development, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say the "repression" of the figure.

The corsetiere to whom I am indebted for this information is loud in praise of her male clientele. They are not fidgety, they have good taste, and no matter what other bills they leave unpaid she is always sure of her money, possibly because few men would dare face a summons from such a quarter.

THE Queen of Denmark will hardly appreciate all the gay doings got up in London in her honor, says The Sketch, for she is a royalty devoted only to good works and caring less than nothing for the sinful pride of worldly affairs. I understand it causes real distress to her Majesty when she has to attend a ball. This austerity in the most exalted circles has brought about a social revolution in Copenhagen, which once the most lightheaded and irresponsible of capitals, is now given over to religious fervor and a rigorous pietistic revival such as once in fifty years or so seems to sweep over northern Europe.

One who knows the "inside track" in Copenhagen assures me that it is now the fashion in that once lively city to give parties at which the guests get up in turn and confess their aloud. This is a custom which, if introduced into London, would add considerably to the piquancy of our present monotonous entertainments and give an interest to the season which would atone for Arctic skies and lack of social enterprise.

THE ordinary individual, to whom the mere name "orchid" suggests something rare and extraordinary, is not exactly prepared for the information that there are 12,000 known species of the flower.

That the number will soon be very much greater will be due to the mania which orchid growers have developed for producing hybrids by mating different species. It is estimated that there are now 2,500 species under cultivation.

"If any and all of these could be induced to pair," says a writer in the Cornhill Magazine, "the number of hybridizations possible would be reckoned in millions, I suppose. That cannot be, though some crosses seem almost to suggest that there is no limit."

The catalogue of orchid hybrids lately issued by Messrs. Sander is the first compilation of its sort offered for public sale.

Mr. Rolfe, editor of the Orchid Review, is preparing a "stud book," which will give not only the list of hybrids and their parentage, but also the names of the gentlemen who raised them, the date of their first appearance and a reference to publications where each is described or figured. But meantime the Messrs. Sander catalogue is invaluable.

THE silly season has begun in the London press. A properly regulated silly season must have a leading topic for serious discussion by the press. This year English decadence is chosen as a subject. It is hardly necessary to recapitulate the series of defeats in the various branches of sport that England has recently sustained. There has been a veritable flight of championships from these shores: golf to France, tennis to America and rowing to Belgium, professional sculling to Australia and yachting to America and Germany. All this has given rise to a popular outcry about English deca-

dence, in which may be discerned a really serious note.

Scores of letters are printed in which the writers castigate the British youth of the present day with the brutal candor which an Englishman delights at times to use, but which he strongly resents when used by others. To read some of these letters one might think the writers believed that the loss of the sporting championships in itself proved the degeneracy of the English race. But there are other seriously written letters and carefully considered editorials which show clearly that there are many thinking men who believe that the modern youth of Great Britain "threatens serious danger to the edifice of the country's national prosperity."

The following quotation from the British Australasian shows how the feeling has spread beyond the bounds of England:

"The failure of Britons to defend the sporting supremacy which they once held is a serious thing for the empire at large. Whatever may be the cause, it reacts upon all the British colonies. There are disintegrating influences enough within the empire without adding this one to the list."

It is not in games alone, more serious men argue, but in every department of national life, in every sphere of activity there is alarming evidence of slackness. "The coming generation abroad," says an editorial in the Daily Telegraph, "is working in everything harder than the youth is working at home." One more quotation will give the keynote of what is in the minds of thousands of Englishmen just now. The Pall Mall Gazette, William Waldorf Astor's paper, concludes an editorial with the following words: "The curse of this country is the unwillingness of our people to swallow a wholesome tonic of discipline in any shape or form. If we do not look to it to mend our ways and work while it is yet day we may live to learn when too late that no day lasts forever and that at the appointed time the night cometh when no man can work."

### The Liner of To-morrow.

SAID Davy Jones, "I plainly see, We're losing of our grip; A trolley-car just whizzed by me— She tumbled off a ship. I dassen't hardly upward float, These great ships make me flinch; Why, when they launched the last big boat, She raised the sea an inch!"

"A mammoth ship went past just now," Said Neptune in dismay; "She had a golf-links on her bow, With eighteen holes to play; And as I drew a breath to dive, While she was rushing by, Some duffer golfer sliced his drive, And plunked me in the eye!"

"An auto jumped the steamer's deck, And dove into the sea, Without one warning 'honk,' by heck! And nearly flattened me." Said Davy Jones, with anger swelled, "The goggle-eyed machine! I wonder why my locker smelled So rank of gasoline!"

"On land and sea the trolley scare! Red autos break our bones! I guess we'll have to live in air," Said doleful Davy Jones. "But even that will hardly do," Cried Neptune in distress, "For steamers carry air-ships, too! You've got another guess!" —Earle Hooker Eaton in Harper's Weekly.

"And so, Bummel, the student was almost drowned when he was in swimming yesterday? How did it happen?"

"The bailiff went by, and the poor boy was forced to remain under water so long."—Translated from Fliegende Blätter.

Lady B. had been paying a round of visits during the afternoon. On her return home she bounced delightedly up to her husband and said:—

"You'll never guess how lucky I've been this afternoon, Tom. I've made six calls and only found one at home."—Tatler.

Uncle—Here, my boy, are a couple of chocolate cigars. But where are you going with them?

Little Johnny—Why, I am going to eat them in the smoking-room. —Translated from Meggendorfer Blätter.

Mrs. Kelly—"Tis another of them soovvneer post cards from me darter Maggie—the fourth this month, eerrr! She sinds me wan every toime she changes her place.—Puck.

## Collecting Souvenirs

People Who Do it Dishonestly and What it Costs Some Big Hotels.

THE disclosure of the outrages perpetrated by souvenir hunters upon the ship of the Duke of Abruzzi has loosened a score of tongues and similar stories come fast from many quarters. It will be remembered that the swarm of well-dressed visitors stripped the duke's private rooms of everything that was portable, including his silver dressing table equipments and the buttons from the royal vests. If they had been fortunate enough to find the duke in bed and asleep they would have cut locks from his hair and fragments from his nightshirt, but they did at least secure his toothbrush.

Now we have a wail or woe from the New York hotels. Some of them lose as much as \$5,000 a year from the raids of the souvenir hunter. Silverware, tableware, bed linen, towels, napkins—no matter what the article may be, if it is only portable enough, away it goes to be cherished as a memento.

These thefts are not the work of the impecunious, or at least, only a small portion of them. They occur at the great hotels, where the prices are far too high to tempt any but the wealthy. A rich woman thinks nothing of the value of a *demi-tasse* spoon. To her it is simply a souvenir, and nothing more. Indeed, its value is not great. It costs, maybe, 60 cents, but when these little spoons are taken by the hundred, together with towels at \$6 a dozen and napkins at \$5 a dozen, and little coffee cups at 85 cents each, it is easy to see that the souvenir mania becomes a colossal imposition upon the unfortunate hotel-keeper. The guest who steals a spoon does not desire to enrich himself to the extent of 60 cents. He wants a souvenir, as is shown by the fact that he prefers a spoon bearing indelibly the name of the hotel, but this is small consolation to the hotel-keeper who has to foot a formidable bill at the end of the year. The manager of a Broadway hotel says:

"When Allen M. Gunther built the Jefferson hotel, in Richmond, the furnishings were as elegant and complete as those of a fine private home. The souvenir hunters carried away more than 200 small coffee spoons in the first three months. Dozens of candlesticks of a special design and bearing the monogram of the house, disappeared in the same way. They even took the fine blankets off the beds—blankets with 'The Jefferson' woven into them in colors."

Sometimes it happens that guests openly ask for a souvenir, and are willing to pay for it, but they are few and far between. At the Waldorf-Astoria it is the practice, when guests ask for a memento, to offer them a *demi-tasse* cup at a nominal price, and where such a practice exists the petty pilfering which it hardly checks becomes peculiarly indefensible. It is to be feared that the triumph of getting "something for nothing" adds special value to the souvenir.

Still another story comes from Claremont. When Admiral Dewey returned from the Philippines a luncheon was given to him at Claremont and a special table service was prepared for the purpose. All the glassware was decorated with the coat of arms of New York, the name of the restaurant, and the four stars indicative of the rank of the admiral. Naturally the souvenir hunter was in full feather, and it is said that for months afterward the table service was hawked about among the souvenir collectors of New York.

The little girl admired her mother's dress, stroking it softly. "Isn't it pretty?" said her mother. "It is silk. Do you know what silk is made from?"

"No, mamma."

"It comes from a little insignificant worm."

"Do you mean father, mamma?" asked Isabel.—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Stuckup (suddenly grown rich)—The question is, young man, can you support my daughter in the style in which she is accustomed to live?

Young Man—Well, sir, it depends on what period of her existence you mean.—Stray Stories.

Teacher—Bessie, name one bird that is now extinct.

Little Bessie—Dick!

Teacher—Dick? What sort of a bird is that?

Little Bessie—Our canary—the cat extincted him.—Puck.

## Queen Quality

In all Styles and Leathers



\$3.75 and \$4.50

A WOMAN said yesterday, "I like 'Queen Quality' Shoes, but I don't believe they can afford to keep up the Quality."

Let us see. Stop to think how much it will cost the "Queen Quality" manufacturers to lower the quality. Their reputation has cost them a Million Dollars and is easily worth that today. Every dollar of this will be thrown away the moment they sacrifice Quality. Every Dollar of their reputation is behind your single purchase.

It puts you under no obligation to come in to see the new Oxford Ties we are showing. Many of them really are beautiful shoes.

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It's not sentiment that leads discriminating women to buy

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as this hot weather makes you, you need a drink of something more quenching and pleasing than water—not gaseous like ordinary "soft" drinks—it must be stimulating, yet not intoxicating. The only beverage that meets ALL these requirements is

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## THE NEW Nestle's Food

The Best Nourishment for  
Even the  
YOUNGEST INFANTS

Not content with the original formula of the Swiss chemist, Henri Nestle, the manufacturers of Nestle's Food for the past few years have been seeking to improve their product. The recent work done in both Europe and America by leading pediatricists has been carefully followed.

After five years of experimentation slight changes were made in the formula. Since 1903 this New Nestle's Food has been sold in Switzerland and generally throughout Europe. The improvements made on theoretical grounds have in the course of the past three years been proven by thousands of clinical tests to be a step in advance.

### THE CHANGES

Since January 1, 1906, the Nestle's Food made and sold in this country has been prepared according to the new formula.

Chief among the modifications made is the conversion of a larger percentage of the wheat starch into dextrin and maltose. Nestle's Food has not, however, become a "malted food" by this change, as the percentage of maltose is inconsiderable.

Other changes are the increase of fat percentages, and the reduction of the amount of cane sugar.

No change has been made in the appearance of the package, the label and outside wrapper being the same as have been used for the past thirty-five years.

### MILK

The basis of Nestle's Food is pure cow's milk, condensed in vacuo, and so treated that the proteids are easily digested.

One of the principal reasons for the great success Nestle's Food has attained, in all parts of the world, is that water only is added to it to prepare it for use.

It is well known that a large percentage of infants cannot digest fresh cow's milk, no matter how carefully it is modified. In such cases Nestle's Food is especially valuable, since its mode of manufacture and preparation renders its constituents readily assimilable by even the youngest infants.

### STARCH

The percentage of starch in Nestle's Food has been reduced to one-half of the former amount, but a certain proportion of starch is still retained. Jacobi, Chapin, Shaw and Kellar have demonstrated the value of cereal decoctions in infant feeding. It is now certain that the presence of starches is of the greatest value in overcoming the indigestibility of the casein of cow's milk.

### FATS

The percentage of fats in the New Nestle's Food is higher than it was under the old formula. Beyond a certain percentage it is not possible to go in the manufacture, without impairing the keeping qualities.

### A FULLER STATEMENT

A full description of Nestle's Food and statement of the considerations that led to the changes in the formula, have been set forth in a pamphlet entitled "Recent Work in Infant Feeding." This we will gladly mail (with samples of Nestle's Food if desired) on request.

The LEEMING MILES CO., Ltd.

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## NESTLE'S FOOD

COMPLIMENTS FLYING FOR  
THE CANADIAN NORTHERN.

Remarks passed on the "Lake Shore Express" are interesting. A well known millionaire lumberman, commenting on the extra parlor car which the business has made necessary, remarked: "This is the finest car I have ever seen, it's a great credit to the line." A veteran railwayman said, "I have had the most enjoyable meal in the dining-parlor car I ever had on a train." "Serving meals to the passengers in the coaches," said the sporting editor of a Toronto daily, "catches me; it's great compared with swallowing boiling tea at a rush lunch counter."

The Lake Shore Express leaves 10:00 a.m. Ticket Office corner King and Toronto and Union Station.



TORONTO is going to have a rushing theatrical season, if we may judge from the number of new amusement houses that are springing up on all sides. The most important of these is, of course, the Royal Alexandra, on King street west, opposite Government House, and on the old Upper Canada College grounds. This house is said to be one of the most up-to-date in America, and after taking a walk through it from top to bottom the other day in company with one of the owners, I am convinced that it would be hard to find a handsomer or better planned theatre. The Alexandra will not have quite as large a seating capacity as some of the other theatres, but it promises to seat all its patrons comfortably, giving everyone a full view of the stage, there not being a post or pillar anywhere in the house. The balconies are self-supporting. A new idea is introduced in placing in the upper balcony—otherwise known as the peanut gallery—regular theatre chairs, similar to those in the first balcony and on the ground floor. These chairs will be numbered in the regular way and it will be possible for patrons who want to use these cheap seats to reserve them in advance, just as they would the more expensive ones. This is something of an experiment, and it is to be hoped that a class of people will be attracted to the upper balcony who will not injure the property by rough work, or by climbing over the chairs to the music of "God Save the King," when the curtain drops. There will be several conveniences for patrons of the house that will be new to Toronto theatre-goers. For instance, there will be a waiting room fitted out with a separate telephone for public use, where people can meet by appointment before entering to witness the performance. On the first floor up, overlooking King street, is a handsome room where after the theatre, lunches can be served by special arrangement with caterers. There is also a very attractive smoking room for men where they can burn cigarettes between acts. The new house will be very popular with the play-actors, owing to the unusual provisions made behind the stage in the way of dressing rooms with every modern convenience that experience suggests as necessary to a fine theatre. A great deal of money has been spent in making the new house a beautiful spectacle when illuminated. But what line will the new theatre take? Will it present legitimate drama of the first-class, or will it give us high-grade vaudeville? The original intention was supposed to be that the new theatre would compete with the Princess in giving Toronto the more expensive and high-class attractions. We expected a theatrical war, from which theatre-goers would benefit. It was said that the Schuberts were organizing a circuit of houses, of which the Alexandra would be one, and would fight Klaw and Erlanger, who operate the big Trust. It promised to be a merry war. David Belasco, Henry Miller, Mrs. Fiske and many other stars who have been struggling against the Trust were at last, it was said, to have a first-class house in Toronto where they could appear. But self-interest is greater than any other interest, and it seems that the Schuberts have merged with Klaw and Erlanger, so that the two theatres that were expected to engage in hot rivalry in Toronto will work in harmony and keep in touch with the same New York office. Which of the two is to play vaudeville? Rumor gave out at first that the Alexandra would be it. Next the story got abroad that it would be the Princess. This week a despatch from Montreal tells us that the new Royal Alexandra will open as a vaudeville theatre on September 9, and that Klaw and Erlanger will send along to it a string of players that will delight us. It is said that the Trust has ransacked Europe, and has already signed many of the best music hall artists in England for the forthcoming season.

The Royal Alexandra will have a seating capacity of about sixteen hundred. The Princess with its seating capacity of eighteen hundred and fifty will probably put on the high price and first-class attractions as before. The Grand Opera House and the Majestic Theatre, with seating capacities of two thousand and twenty-one hundred respectively, will

give what is called combination attractions as in the past although the Majestic runs melodrama almost continuously.

Shea's Theatre, with a seating capacity of sixteen hundred and fifty, will continue to play vaudeville and will have a rival circuit to that put on by the Royal Alexandra.

During the summer the Star Theatre, seating capacity of eighteen hundred and fifty, has been greatly enlarged and improved and will play burlesque, as before, and the patrons will smoke and take it easy. The owner of this house is reported to have made a pile of money since he struck Toronto a few years ago, and his success has led to the starting of a lot of small theatres. The Gaiey Theatre, with seating capacity of fifteen hundred, will play burlesque and will be in all respects a rival to the Star.

Here and there throughout the city, about a dozen Theatroids, or moving picture houses, with glittering fronts and cheap prices of admission, are being made ready to allure the floating population. It is clear enough that great plans have been laid for entertaining the public during the coming winter.

Klaw & Erlanger's plans for the dramatic season have been completed. They will present in the earlier part five new plays, and four old pieces which have proved successes. The new plays are vehicles for Lulu Glaser and Lillian Russell, a dramatic version by Eugene Presbrey of Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way," Henry Arthur Jones' "The Galilean Victory" and Edmund Day's drama, "The Round Up" which was recently seen in Chicago and made a sensational hit at McVicker's theatre. The old successes to be continued are "Ben Hur," which will begin its ninth season in Syracuse, Sept. 9, "45 Minutes from Broadway," which will open in New Rochelle August 31, McIntyre and Heath in "The Ham Tree," who begin their third season in this vehicle at Atlantic City August 5, and Pricely and Luders' "The Grand Mogul," with Frank Moulan in the principal role, which opens at the Grand Opera House in New York, September 9. In addition to these plays, Klaw & Erlanger have several other new productions which they will put on later in the season and after the beginning of the new year.

Wilton Lackaye recently offered this definition of "mollycoddle": "A man who, lacking official bulwarking doesn't feel safe in calling another man a liar."

The Chicago Inter-Ocean, commenting on the duplication of companies to play "The Man of the Hour" next season, says that the figures involved "afford clear and convincing reason why many men and women, temperamentally attuned to things above the traffic of the theatre, persist in the making of dramatic manuscripts." What is described as a conservative estimate is that the four companies in the Broadhurst play will in a mean season of thirty-two weeks take in a weekly gross of \$30,000, or a total for the season of \$960,000, of which the author's royalty will be \$55,040. The estimate is based on weekly receipts of \$7,500 per company and this is "average business" for a successful play.

Miss Olga Nethersole has a disposition to profit by criticism. This, combined with the qualities of courage and energy, has lifted her above the level of mediocrity, and placed her in a class with the greatest artists. One of her greatest charms is her humility. She has a very lively desire to please. Once a royal patron, who is notorious for her candor, complimented Miss Nethersole heartily upon her performance and her gown, but added brusquely, "I don't like your hat." The fate of that hat was sealed. At the next performance a new one took its place.

Miss Nethersole is nothing if not a mystic. It was not until she was four years old that she first saw her mother. "Up to the age of four it had been all I," she says. "There was nothing in me but my nascent ego. I saw my mother with my mind and my soul for the first time when I was four years old. Likewise, in Holland I first saw flowers. I was then twelve. Of course, I saw flowers before then. Inasmuch as there were flowers everywhere about me from

infancy I know that I must have seen them, but I didn't recognize them. I didn't see them any more than I smelled the air. One day, in Holland, I saw them with my soul and my intellect. I laid hold for the first time upon the significance of their beauty and fragrance. Again, I first became acquainted with humanity when I was sixteen years old. People had been coming and going about me all my life, but they meant nothing to me. They were a part of the great system that my child-mind took for granted. I saw humanity through my mother's eyes. She took me to visit an almshouse and a hospital and a prison and there she showed me mankind as a concrete thing. Up to the age of four it had been all I. When I saw my mother it was I and thou. At twelve, when I saw flowers, it was I, thou, and nature; and when I saw humanity at sixteen it was I, thou, nature, and they. There is yet another revelation to come. It has something to do with Christ as the crown of humanity."

One day, says T. P. O'Connor, when Miss Nethersole was one of a party invited to take a trip on Sir Thomas Lipton's "Erin," the Chevalier de Martino, the late Queen's marine painter, grew enthusiastic to her on the beauties of sky and clouds, as he leaned against the rail near her deck-chair. Miss Nethersole's gaze followed the direction indicated by the Chevalier, and then she said thoughtfully, "Do you know, Chevalier, that's a beautiful bit of blue sky just ahead of us. I've been studying it, and I've an idea. I believe colors influence temper. That blue, for instance, makes me feel—spiritual; and the red over there—doesn't. I've been wondering why I could not apply it to my gowns." The idea took root, with the result that a new set of gowns was ordered for the next performance which she gave of "Camille." In the first act the color was scarlet; blue in the second, revealing a more spiritual tendency; and pink in the third, symbolic of the flesh.

The famous Russian dancer, Trouhanowa, who recently resigned, has been saying things about Strauss and the German Emperor. P.T.O. says that she thought Strauss treated her too much in the fashion of a German drill sergeant. He insisted on her wearing a robe she deemed both ugly and in direct contradiction of all historic sense, and the heraldic lions adorning it she pronounced absurd. Strauss was obdurate and Trouhanowa gave way, commenting on the bad taste of the design, "but," said Strauss, impressively, "that robe was designed by Emperor William of Germany himself." "That is a very small matter to me," retorted Trouhanowa. Scandalized by this sort of *lese majeste*, Strauss could only gasp in astonishment. Later on he forbade her to appear before the footlights after finishing her dance, and she resigned.

"Salome" is a wretched production," she has just told an interviewer. "It is not the Salome of Judea. I have read the Bible. Salome was of the real Jewish type, but Strauss has made her German, just as Wagner made Venus German." Trouhanowa spoke of a German Venus in the same tone a Parisian woman would refer to a gown made in Darmstadt. "Strauss wished me to wear a veil," she continued, "so as not to show that the dancer Salome and the singer Salome were two persons. But the veil prevented breathing while dancing. Then he wished me to wear a frightful robe with absurd embroidered lions made for Destiny." "But designed by Emperor William!" interposed the interviewer. "Who is Emperor William?" inquired Trouhanowa, thrusting out her ankle in a dainty move. "Emperor William may have some notoriety in his own country, but I am known all over the world. Emperor William! Will he give me a pension or make me famous as a dancer? No. My own talent must do that, and I am content. Zut for Emperor William!"

"That Ibsen will remain the strongest figure of our contemporary drama is incontestable," says Professor Brander Matthews in Munsey's. Ibsen "was a dramatic technician of unsurpassed skill. Then he was a creator of character, a maker of men and women who live

their own lives and speak each with his own voice. He was also a great writer in his command of language, a stylist, compelling words to do his bidding. Finally, he had a philosophy of his own; he had a vision of the world individual to himself; he had a theory of the universe which he expounded, perhaps unconsciously, in play after play." But "his final position does not depend wholly upon his own merits; it will depend largely on the immediate development of mankind and on the need which the men of the next generation may have for the message that Ibsen declared and for the lesson taught by his art. . . . Ibsen's fame will not be established again except for reasons wholly different from those which attracted to him the devoted enthusiasm of the faddists, the freaks, and the cranks."

### It was News to Big Bill.

BIG BILL MACNAMARA was currying his white horse in preparation for the Glorious Twelfth, and his hand kept time to the song he sang—

On Ju-ly twelve, at Oldbridge town  
There was a fa-mious bah-tle,  
An manny's the man lay on the  
groun',  
An' the can-nious they did rah-tle—

when who should come up but Larry Maguire, and, says he:

"What ye clanin' th' harrse fer, Bill?"

"Fer the annyversary of the B'nye, the battle that give civil and riljits liberty to every phwite man on British sile—And the can-nions they did rah-tle."

"But," says Larry Maguire, "the annyversary is over long ago, man, dear. The battle of the B'nye was fought on the first day iv Juloi."

"'Twas fought on the twelfth."

"Yey a loi-yer! It was fought on the first."

"How d'ye make that out?"

"Well, it was this way. 'It was fought on the first of Juloi, accordin' to the old-style almanac, d'ye see? Very well. The Pope was displaced wid the way the calendar was kep', so he avened it up, and skipped twelve days all over Christendom, so that what accordin' to the ould thradition was the first iv the month bekem the twelfth. The Pope's name was Gregory, an' he was a knowlidgable man, so he was, an' in gratitude for the great benefits he had conferred upon Christendom they called the little slight-iv-hand business after him, an' so, they called it the Gregorian Calendar."

"An' the Pope changed the date iv th' battle iv the B'nye?"

"Troth he did!"

"Then," said Big Bill MacNamara, as he flung his curycumb over the fence into the orchard, "the devil the fut I'll go to the Orange picnic; and this white harrse will cultivate turnips instid iv cavorin' behind the tooraooral band."

—The Khan, in the Toronto Star.

### For the Manhood Trust.

IF I were a Billionaire  
I'd go to the sickening slums  
And pick up the children there  
In search of their daily crumbs.  
I'd gather them to my breast;  
I'd cherish and hold them fair;  
And teach them the sweets of rest—  
If I were a Billionaire.

If I were a Billionaire  
I'd take every little one  
And send them forth in the air  
To play in the glad some sun.  
I'd give them the birds and trees,  
Removed from the city's glare;  
I'd give them the cleansing breeze—  
If I were a Billionaire.

If I were a Billionaire  
I'd get up a Manhood Trust.  
No funds for the college chair  
Of the gray-headed dryasdust;  
But all that I had I'd plan  
To redeem each human tare  
To flower forth as a Man—  
If I were a Billionaire.

### ENVOY

IF I were a Billionaire  
These are the things I'd do.  
And joy would succeed despair  
In citizens strong and true—  
If I were a Billionaire.  
—John Kendrick Bangs in Life.

The Maori priest of old, or *tohunga*, was master of many powers which can now be explained by hypnotism. Ventriiloquism was also practised by the priests. There remains, however, a mass of evidence proving that these men possessed powers which can only be explained by processes into which we are only now beginning to have any insight.

Tohoto, the last of the old *tohungas*, resisted all efforts of the missionaries to induce him to abandon his ancient faith for Christianity, says The Bellman. As he had a large

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## Ninon de L'Enclos Was Eighty

when she was credited with having a most desperate affair of the heart and it is on record that her beauty at that age was marvellous; and that her hair played an important part in her charming appearance. Whether in her time, or to-day, a woman's hair is all important and is so recognized. The

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following, New Zealand's greatest bishop laid siege to the old heathen, but Tohoto sat in moody silence. At length he lifted his head. "Harken unto my words!" he said. "If you can do this I will accept your God." Then, picking up the dead leaf of a cabbage tree, he held it out loosely between his fingers at arm's length. His withered body was naked to the hips; the sun was high in the heavens; no deception was possible. After repeating an incantation he invited his visitor to look. Lo, the leaf had become green!

The strong minded, highly educated Englishman had no belief in either Tohoto or his powers, yet by some mental influence the decrepit Polynesian was able to make the virile white man believe that what he saw was a fresh green leaf; yet it was in reality still a dry brown one.

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THE following spicy sketch of  
"La Gioconda" is by Lance-  
lot and appeared in the  
London Referee:

The most important event  
at Covent Garden during the past  
week was the revival on Thursday  
of Ponchielli's four-act opera "La  
Gioconda," which, it may be remem-  
bered, was prepared last autumn at  
Covent Garden, but was not per-  
formed owing to the indisposition of  
Mme. Nordica, who was to have sus-  
tained the name-part. The libretto,  
by Boito, is partly founded upon Vic-  
tor Hugo's "Angelo," and revels in  
the defiance of the Ten Command-  
ments. When the curtain rises, the  
music is gay and sparkling, for the  
populace is celebrating the annual  
regatta at Venice. The first soloist  
is Barnaba, a spy of the Inquisition,  
a villain of the most melodramatic  
tendencies, who, according to one of  
the principal female characters, pos-  
sesses "a smile infernal." He watches  
the dancers and gloats over the prob-  
ability that "death upon them is steal-  
ing." In order to get Gioconda into  
his clutches, Barnaba accuses her  
mother of being a witch. This leads to  
concerted music of turbulent char-  
acter, the climax coming with the ar-  
rival of Enzo, a Genoese noble dis-  
guised as a sailor, to whom Gioconda  
has given her heart. Enzo, of course,  
saves Gioconda's mother from the mob,  
being assisted in his exertions by  
Laura, the wife of Alvise Brado-  
ero, one of the heads of the Inquisi-  
tion. Gioconda's mother expresses  
her gratitude in a song of tender  
grace, during which occurs the beau-  
tiful theme associated with her rosary  
as she gives this to Laura. Barnaba,  
in order to "remove" Enzo, whom she  
regards as his rival, tells Enzo that  
Laura loves him, and will meet him  
on his ship. Whereupon Enzo, in  
callous disregard of Laura's husband,  
sings fortissimo "O Laura mia" on  
top G's and F's, and glides into an  
impassioned love song with a pulsat-  
ing accompaniment. The finale to the  
act, a gay saltarello, interrupted in  
truly Italian manner by the "An-  
gelus," concludes the first act im-  
pressively.

The scene of the second act is "the  
shore of an uninhabited island," but  
when the curtain rises it is numer-  
ously inhabited by Enzo's sailors, who  
apparently have just landed to sing  
"We dare to climb the quivering  
shrouds" to music that forms one of  
the most attractive portions of the  
opera. Awaiting the arrival of Laura,  
Enzo passes his time by singing an  
impassioned love song, and when she  
arrives the amorous fervency of the  
music increases until Laura declares,  
"My heart is full of happy tears." In  
this frame of mind it is operatically  
natural that she should sing an "Ave  
Marie," which is very pleasant to  
hear and is appropriate, for, Enzo  
having departed, Gioconda arrives  
with a dagger intent on killing her  
rival. Her rage is expressed in  
broadly-designed musical phrases, and  
the ladies become excited, each pro-  
testing that her love for Enzo is the  
greater. Gioconda answers, "Blas-  
phemer," and Laura retorts with  
"Liar," and the composer makes the  
most of his opportunity. Gioconda,  
however, instead of stabbing Laura,  
decides that her punishment will be  
greater if she is found on the island  
by her husband; and this so horrifies  
Laura that she prays to the rosary  
given her by Gioconda's mother. On  
perceiving this Gioconda relinquishes  
her desire for vengeance, gives Laura  
her mask and cloak, and sends her  
away, so that when Alvise arrives his  
wife has vanished. But he is con-  
vinced of his wife's unfaithfulness,  
and at the opening of the third act  
he sings a long solo in which he in-  
forms the audience that he has resolved  
that she shall die by poison, and that  
he has arranged for a ball to be given  
at his house, so that "While there  
the dancers sing and laugh, Their mirth-  
ful tones shall blend with groans,  
Breathed by a sinner dying." Alvise  
considerately leaves his wife to drink  
the poison alone, and this is Giocon-  
da's opportunity. "Thy cruel doom  
foreseeing, I came hither to save  
thee," she sings, above the strains  
of the dancers, and gives Laura a nar-  
cotic, which she drinks. The scene  
then changes to the ball-room of  
Alvise's house, and delightfully gay  
music is played as the guests assemble  
and sing their greetings, which are  
succeeded by one of the most noted  
portions of the opera, "The Dance of

the Hours," a most charming little  
ballet, in which the dancers, clad in  
pink, yellow, blue, and black, to re-  
present daybreak, mid-day, evening,  
and night, gyrate to captivating rhyth-  
mic measures. Presently Alvise  
draws aside a curtain, revealing the  
apparently dead body of his wife.  
Enzo is arrested for attempting to  
kill him, and Gioconda promises to  
deliver herself to Barnaba if he will  
secure the release of Enzo. The last  
act begins pathetically. Gioconda is  
waiting in a house by the side of the  
canal for the drugged Laura to be  
brought her by her messengers, who  
presently arrive with their burden.  
Shortly afterwards Enzo also comes,  
and there ensues a finely contrasted  
duet, in which Gioconda perceives  
the hopelessness of her passion for  
Enzo; for he, thinking that Gioconda  
has stolen the body of Laura out of  
jealousy, calls her "A Furious Hy-  
ena," and is about to stab her when  
Laura awakes from her sleep, which  
leads to a cleverly concerted piece in  
which the lovers rejoice, Gioconda  
despairs, and distant gondoliers  
warble a serenade. The beautiful  
melody of the rosary theme is happily  
introduced here as the lovers disap-  
pear in the boat provided for them  
by Gioconda. Left alone, Gioconda  
prays to the Virgin until Barnaba ar-  
rives, who asks "Thy compact thus  
thou keepst?" In answer, Gioconda  
declares she will keep her oath, but  
craves a little time that she may deck  
herself with flowers and jewels.  
Barnaba consents, singing "O rapture  
ecstatic, O dream of Elysium thou art  
mine now," and Gioconda, having  
secured her dagger, answers, "Thou  
claimest my body, thou demon ac-  
cursed; this body is thine," as she  
stabs herself and falls dead at his  
feet. Barnaba has the last word, how-  
ever, for he shouts in her ear, "Last  
night thy mother did offend me. I  
have strangled her. Ha-a-a-a!"  
whereupon there is a quick curtain.

The Toronto Conservatory of  
Music announces the following new  
appointments to its teaching staff to  
commence with the fall term, Septem-  
ber 2. In the piano department, Mr.  
George Wilson, late director of the  
department of music, Acadia Univer-  
sity, and formerly a pupil of Silotti;  
Mrs. Gerhardt Barton, pupil of Ger-  
trude Peppercorn; Miss May Living-  
stone, Miss Jessie Allen, Miss Ada  
Twohey of Hamilton, Miss Alice  
Boehm, Miss Gwendolyn Daville, Miss  
May Irwin and Miss Margaret Mac-  
donnell. In the vocal department, Mr.  
Howard Massey Frederick, late pro-  
fessor of singing in Syracuse Uni-  
versity, N.Y.; Mr. H. M. Fletcher,  
conductor of the Schubert Choir and  
other vocal societies in Toronto; Miss  
Mary Hewitt Smart, and Mr. J. L.  
Galbraith, licentiate of the Royal  
Academy of Music, London, Eng-  
land, and late conductor of the Kyrle  
Choir of Glasgow, Scotland. In the  
organ department, Mr. Norman T.  
Ives, organist and choirmaster, Deer  
Park Presbyterian church.

Mr. Wm. H. Rieger, the well known  
tenor of New York, who has so often  
delighted concert-goers in Toronto by  
his singing, writes to Mr. Uvedale  
as follows: "Your book of Classic Gems  
is well named, as they certainly are  
gems. The music expresses the words  
beautifully. You should meet with  
big success. I will use them in con-  
cert and song recitals. Would be de-  
lighted to have you dedicate one of  
your compositions to me." Mr. Uve-  
dale has composed the music for a  
second song by Mrs. Lauder, entitled  
"Birdie's Reply," intended to be a  
complement to her song, "To a Wee  
Birdie Trying to Fly." Mr. Uve-  
dale's setting has the merit of melo-  
diousness and rare simplicity.

A first class concert is being ar-  
ranged for the inauguration of the  
Old Country Club in Yonge street  
Arcade on Thursday next.

The Robin Hood Male Quartette is  
the most recent musical organization  
in Toronto. A peculiarity of the per-  
formances of this quartette will be  
that the members will appear masked  
in public. "The Four Mysteries"  
would perhaps be an appropriate name  
for them.

Paderewski has long been the most  
expensive of pianists, but he has once  
more raised his prices. At his last  
London concert every ticket cost a  
guinea. Every seat was taken, and

the net profit for the two hours of  
playing was \$5,000. That is twice as  
much as Caruso gets for singing in  
a four-hour opera.

Mr. T. Herbert Weatherly of Pad-  
dington street church, London, Eng-  
land, has been appointed organist and  
choirmaster of Central Methodist  
church, Bloor street east. He will  
enter upon his duties October 1. Mr.  
Weatherly is a fine organist and his  
other qualifications are said to be ex-  
ceptional. The selection was made  
by the music committee of the church.  
He succeeds the late Arthur Ingham.

Strauss's "Salome" has been a  
great success in Berlin, partly, per-  
haps, for reasons which may be  
found in the psychopathological  
treatises of Dr. Albert Moll, which  
throw a lurid light on certain phases  
of low life having their headquarters  
in the Prussian capital. No fewer  
than forty times was the hideously  
morbid Strauss opera sung there dur-  
ing the season just ended. It is hard-  
ly a compliment to Bizet to add that  
his "Carmen" came next, with twenty-  
six performances, or to Wagner that  
he was, as usual, at the head of the  
list, with seventy-five repetitions of  
ten of his operas. Mozart (five  
operas) followed him, and Strauss  
and Bizet as fourth on the list.

Vladimir de Pachmann says that  
his concert tour next season will be  
his last in America. The reason?  
Because a week spent on the ocean  
always means not only a week of sea-  
sickness, but several months of diges-  
tive and other ailments. He wishes  
America were in Europe. In a re-  
cent interview, printed in a London  
journal, he spoke of his conduct in  
the concert hall. Critics have scolded  
him for what they call his antics.  
But, he says, "Why should I not be  
on good terms with my audiences, and  
even converse with them if I feel so  
inclined? Liszt and Chopin used to  
make veritable receptions of their re-  
citals, and mingled freely with their  
friends in the auditorium before  
mounting the platform to play. Dur-  
ing the intermissions the social at-  
mosphere was resumed." Pachmann  
declared that he was as familiar with  
the works of Darwin, Spencer, Kant,  
Schopenhauer, Huxley, Spinoza, as  
with those of Chopin, Schumann,  
Bach, Beethoven, Liszt.

Saint-Saens is as interesting when  
he speaks or writes as he is when  
he composes. Nothing could be better  
than the address he delivered the  
other day at the unveiling of the  
Gounod monument at St. Cloud. He  
said among other things: "What a  
strange life was his! His work, like  
that of all creators, was contested  
from the first, but with persistence  
he sailed against wind and tide; he  
was never to know the calm of un-  
disputed success, of undisturbed glory,  
and it was amid storms rarely inter-  
rupted by calms that he was the chief  
of a school—and that he has become  
the most popular musician in France.  
'Creator' did I say? He was one  
more than any other. Though Mar-  
guerite, Juliet, and Mireille are  
daughters of Goethe, Shakespeare,  
and Mistral, they are likewise crea-  
tions of the musician, who has made  
them his own; creations less complete,  
if you will, but nearer to us, more  
accessible to the crowd. England  
alone fully understands the Juliet of  
Shakespeare, Germany the Gretchen  
of Goethe, Provence the Mireille of  
Mistral; for the great public of the  
whole world Mireille, Marguerite, and  
Juliet are daughters of Gounod—  
simpler than the heroines of the poets,  
but animated with that strenuous life,  
which is the musical life, they enter  
into our existence." CHERUBINO.

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Brocker—No, but she can get her veil  
down over her chin by wrinkling her  
nose.—Harper's Bazaar.

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crash? Maid—I tripped on the car-  
pet, and the tea things fell, ma'am.  
Mistress—Did you manage to save  
anything? Maid—Yes, ma'am; I kep'  
hold of the tray all right.—Black  
and White.

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the most whimsical things in the his-  
tory of crime. How the thief managed  
to get over the seventy yards or so  
separating the table from the entrance  
and then to make his way through  
the turnstile with a gold cup over a  
foot in height and weighing sixty-  
eight ounces concealed about his per-  
son, is a mystery. That he must  
have done it at once, making a break  
for the gate the instant he had the  
cup in his possession, and so reach-  
ed a waiting motor car, seems cer-  
tain. It is one of those cases where  
audacity achieved the impossible.

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"The washerwomen have come to  
see you," said the butler.

"Show the ladies up," said the  
master. They clumped into the room,  
to find him poking the fire. He  
turned round.

"Will you wash twelve collars for  
a shilling?" he asked, quietly.

They began to expostulate. He  
touched the bell; in came the butler.

"Show the ladies down."

Presently the butler appeared again.

"They seem very sorry, sir—would  
like to see you again."

"Show them up."

The washerwomen found the mas-  
ter intent, as before, on the fire grate.

"Will you wash twelve collars for  
a shilling?" piped his cheery little  
voice.

A stalwart speaker began to make  
explanations. He touched the bell.

"Show these ladies down," he said,  
and down they went. Again the but-  
ler reappeared, expressing a hope  
that the master would see the wo-  
men again.

"Certainly. Show them up."

They entered the room for the  
third time.

"Will you wash twelve collars for a  
shilling?"

"We will!" they cried.

"Thank you—good day, good day!"  
said the master. "Knight, show these  
ladies down," and the strike was over.

THE stork had been a recent visitor  
to the home of Mrs. Smith, who  
already was the mother of a year-old  
baby boy. Dorothy Jones, five years  
old, paused in her task of arranging  
the covers about her new doll.

"Mamma," she asked, "did you say  
Mrs. Smith had a new baby?"

"Yes, dearie, a brand new baby,"  
answered the mother.

"Well, mamma," came the unsatis-  
fied query, "what's she going to do  
with her old one?"

THE Harmon twins looked so  
much alike as babies that their  
parents could scarcely tell them apart.  
As they grew older it became evi-  
dent that to Grandmother Harmon at  
least the twins were a unit.

"You were asking me how much  
the twins weigh," said Grandmother  
Harmon to a neighbor. "When I  
went out that afternoon I put one of  
them on the scales at the grocery,  
and found that they weigh just  
twenty-six pounds."

"Do they always weigh exactly the  
same?" inquired the neighbor, and  
Grandmother Harmon looked quite  
impatient.

"Th twins?" she said. "Of  
course; why not?"

The neighbor had no reason to  
give, but she rebelled a few days later  
when in answer to her inquiry,  
Grandmother Harmon said:

"Where are the twins?" "Oh,  
they got a cinder in one of their  
eyes, and their mother has taken them  
down to the oculist's to have it re-  
moved, they were fussing so over it."

WHEN the late George Francis  
Train was giving evidence be-  
fore the Metropolitan Board of Alder-  
men of London, in favor of his  
scheme for laying a tramway up Lud-  
gate Hill, a noble lord amongst his  
interlocutors suddenly fixed the old  
pioneer with his monocle and said:

"May I—ah—ask a question, Mr.—  
ah—Train?"

"That is what I am here for, my  
lord," he replied.

"You know, of course, how very  
narrow is Ludgate Hill. Suppose  
that when I go down to the Mansion  
House in my carriage one of my  
horses should slip on your d—d rails  
and break his leg, would you pay for  
the horse?"

The reply came like a flash. "My  
lord, if you could convince me that  
your d—d horse would not have fallen  
if the rails had not been there I cer-  
tainly should pay."

#### A CLERGYMAN who had em-

barked on a ship for a sea  
voyage came to the purser with his  
money and valuables on the first day  
out with the request that he would  
put them under lock and key until  
the voyage was over.

"You mustn't think that I wish to  
cast any aspirations on the charac-  
ter of the other man in the cabin,"  
he said. "I wouldn't like you to  
think that it was because I didn't  
trust him that I am doing this."

"Of course not, sir," replied the  
purser; "besides, the other man has  
just deposited his money with me,  
and he made exactly the same re-  
marks on speaking of you."

A MAN of extreme wealth, tired of  
taking care of his money, went  
to a secluded spot on a river bridge  
and jumped off. He was not aware  
that life-savers always frequent se-  
cluded spots, says Judge, and that the  
best place to commit suicide is on  
Broadway, at noon. And, sure en-  
ough, a poor workman leaped in after  
him and pulled him out, cold and shiv-  
ering.

As he stood there, dripping, it oc-  
curred to the wealthy man that what  
he needed was not Eternity, but just  
a Cold Bath. And he waxed grate-  
ful.

"I am rich beyond telling," he said.  
"I will grant any wish—I will make  
real your wildest hopes!"

The poor workman replied instan-  
tly. "Then give me a million dollars."

"A million dollars!" sneered he  
whose life had been saved. "That is  
the easiest thing in the world. But  
stop a moment—consider. It was  
money that made me try to kill my-  
self. You had better go slow!"

"A million dollars," repeated the  
poor workman, stolidly.

"Very well; you shall have it. But  
since you have saved my life, I will  
make this further offer. If, at the  
end of three years, you are not satis-  
fied with your bargain, come to me  
and I will do whatever else you wish."

Three years passed, and the former  
poor workman came to his benefac-  
tor's door.

"Aha, I thought so!" exclaimed the  
man of great wealth. "I knew you  
would come back. You know now  
how little mere money means. Now,  
what can I do for you?"

"Alas, I have found how little hap-  
piness can be got with a million!"  
was the reply.

"Aha, I knew it!" exclaimed the  
man of extreme wealth. "And since  
you have found how little happiness  
can be got with a million, what will  
you have me do for you next?"

"Give me another million!" replied  
the former poor workman.

EVERYBODY knows one or more  
of those conscientious egoists  
who cannot rid themselves of the idea  
that no one can be trusted to carry  
out the simplest details of routine  
work without their personal super-  
vision.

It was one of these men who sailed  
for England, leaving in his brother's  
care a parrot of which he was very  
fond. All the way across the Atlan-  
tic he worried about the bird, and no  
sooner had he landed at Southampton  
than he rushed over this cablegram  
to his brother:

"Be sure and feed parrot."

And the brother cabled back.

"Have fed him, but he's hungry  
again. What shall I do next?"

THE conductor was inclined to seek  
for sympathy. "Do you see that  
woman on the left hand side of the  
car, up near the front?" he asked the  
thin man on the back platform. "Yes,  
I see her." "The one with the dizzy  
hat?" "Yes." "Well, I think she's  
tryin' to beat me out of a fare. When  
I went in to collect she never looked  
around, an' I ain't quite sure that she  
didn't pay me before—although I'm  
almost positive about it. She looks to  
me like a woman who'd be glad to  
stir up a fuss. I can pick 'em out as  
far as I can see 'em. You never spot  
a woman with a face like that who  
isn't ready to bluff her way anywhere.  
I wish to thunder I knew whether she  
had paid her fare or not." "I  
wouldn't worry about it any more,"  
said the thin man. "I paid the lady's  
fare some time ago—she's my wife."

WHEN Perry Heath, now in parts  
unknown, embarked on a jour-  
nalistic career, chance assigned him  
to a little town in Indiana. The other  
reporter on the newspaper which em-  
ployed him, says Life, was a young  
man who had given up art, as ex-  
pressed in sign-painting, for the re-  
wards of literature on a great local  
daily. His name was James Whit-  
comb Riley. Both reporters covered  
their assignments with such celerity  
and satisfaction that their employer  
was prompted to enlarge their op-  
portunities. "Bring me in advertis-  
ing as well as news," said he, "and  
I'll pay you a commission." The offer  
was accepted, and the outcome, as far  
as Riley was concerned, had more  
than a commercial significance. A  
latent talent for making rhymes crop-  
ped up and crystallized on the mem-  
orable occasion when Jacob Stein  
was slow in perceiving the advantages  
of publicity. "But I'll advertise you in  
verse," persuaded the potential poet  
of Hoosierdom. And he did. We are  
assured on competent authority that  
it was Riley's first appearance in  
print as a poet, and that the effusion  
ran:

Yawcob Stein,  
Dot friend of mine  
Who sells dose clodgings down so  
fine.

While these lines may seem to  
some persons to lack that perfection  
of dialect and sincerity of sentiment  
that distinguish Riley's more mature  
work, they made a great hit with Mr.  
Stein; and we think they are quite  
as likely to endure as most poems  
written for special occasions.

A GOLD HEADED cane used to  
be considered a necessary  
part of the physician's outfit,  
as indispensable to the profession  
as the medicine bag or the gen-  
eral air of wisdom. In the  
rooms of the London College of  
Physicians there is preserved a gold  
topped staff, which is famous as hav-  
ing been carried by a succession of  
prominent doctors whose lives ex-  
tended over a period of nearly a  
century and a half. Dr. William  
Macmichael has published an account  
of it in a quaint little book in which  
the story of the various owners and  
their characteristics is told.

The cane originally belonged to the  
great Dr. Ratcliffe, of the seven-  
teenth century. The doctor himself,  
rather quick as to temper, was once  
treated to a biting bit of repartee.  
Radcliffe's garden adjoined the  
grounds of Sir Godfrey Kneller, the  
King's chief painter. A door in the  
wall made easy communication be-  
tween his Majesty's doctor and the  
artist. Some of the doctor's work-  
men, however, littered up the artist's  
beautiful flower beds and aroused his  
anger. He sent word that if the thing  
continued he would have the door  
bricked up.

"Sir Godfrey can do what he  
pleases with that door so long as he  
doesn't paint it!" retorted Dr. Rad-  
cliffe.

"Did my good friend say that?"  
remarked Sir Godfrey, when the slap  
at his profession was repeated to him.  
"Well, go tell him that I'll take any-  
thing from him but physic."

The cane passed in succession from  
Dr. Radcliffe's hands to those of  
Mead, Askew, Pitcairn and Baillie  
all famous in their day and gener-  
ation. Of Baillie the following in-  
cident is told:

He was a gentle and patient phys-  
ician by nature, but his immense  
practice and crowded hours some-  
times made him hasty with the im-  
portunate.

At one time after listening to a  
long story of her ailments from a  
lady who was so little ill that she  
intended to go to the opera that night  
the doctor left the room with a sigh  
of relief. He had just got down-  
stairs when he was called back.

"Doctor," feebly asked the lady,  
"may I on my return to-night, eat  
a few oysters?"

"Yes, madam," roared the doctor,  
"shells and all!"

SAINT-SAENS, the French com-  
poser, during his visit to Chicago  
made a brief address on America at  
a dinner party. "The American busi-  
ness spirit," he said in the course of  
this address, "is an excellent thing.  
To it, undoubtedly, America's unex-  
ampled prosperity is due. But I  
think that this spirit is sometimes car-  
ried too far. For instance, in a hotel  
baiter-shop yesterday I asked the  
barber if he had ever heard a certain  
celebrated pianist. 'No, sir,' he replied  
emphatically. 'These pianists never  
patronize me and so I never patron-  
ize them.'"

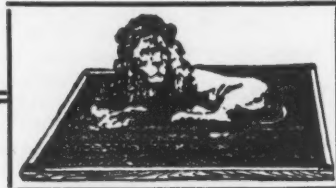
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## Women who are Multimillionaires

Some Interesting Facts Concerning the Richest Women in the World, Some of Whom Dress Very Modestly.

A GOOD deal of controversy rages over the question: Who is the richest man in the world? but the equally important query, who is the female Cæsar of this age of colossal fortunes, of magically acquired wealth? has received scant attention, says P.T.O. of London. Old earth to-day has many rich women—women whose vast fortunes would have staggered the famous old King of Lyda. There are, for example, the Marchioness of Graham, Bertha von Bohlen, formerly Bertha Krupp, head of the great Krupp gun works of Germany; Senora Cousino, a Chilean lady; the Princess Marie Bonaparte of France, Mrs. Hetty Green, Mrs. Russell Sage, and Mrs. Anne Weightman Walker, America's three richest women; and Madame Creel, wife of the Mexican Ambassador to the United States. Who of all these actually possesses the greatest amount of the world's goods is still a question of debate.

The Marchioness of Graham is the richest native-born Englishwoman, and is England's Lady Bountiful. Those who know her declare that she is a woman among women, noble in thought, generous to the extremes of generosity. The Marchioness is the only daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. When he died she was left an estate which yields an annual income of £114,000. Lady Hamilton, upon her father's death, became mistress of Brodick Castle, Easton Park, Wickham Market, and the Isle of Arran. It was supposed that at the death of her father Lady Mary would inherit only his personal means. Then it was discovered that the old Scotch entail was invalid, and she would be entire mistress of his property and fortune. But she did not cease to mingle with her people. Through the streets Lady Mary would tramp in a corduroy suit, top boots, and Tyrolean hat, as picturesque as you could imagine. Her arms filled with gifts, she visited the peasants every day. Lady Mary was married in London in June, 1906. Her husband, the Marquis of Graham, is also rich. He served as a lieutenant in the 5th Volunteer Battalion of the Black Watch. Both the Marchioness and her husband often go to Arran.

Germany's richest woman, Frau von Bohlen, formerly Bertha Krupp, is said to possess property valued at £15,000,000 or more. Her income has amounted to more than £40,000 a month. Yet Frau von Bohlen, head of the great gun works, makes her own clothing. When she was married last October she wore a trousseau made by her own hands, at a cost of something like £50. As a housewife Frau von Bohlen has proved a model. She takes particular pride in her home, like many rich German women, making her own clothing, and often going into the kitchen and cooking. She is exceedingly generous to her workmen. Of these there are more than 45,000. After her marriage an announcement of a gift of £50,000 to the workmen's invalid fund was made. With every mail comes to her upwards of 150 begging letters. These are all examined, and no worthy case is said to be overlooked. Thus Germany's richest woman devotes herself to housekeeping, to her business and to charity.

The richest woman in France is the Princess Marie Bonaparte, daughter of the late Prince Roland Bonaparte. Her fortune is enormous. Her mother was a granddaughter of M. Blanc, the founder and proprietor of Monte Carlo, and the fortune which has descended to Marie amounts to—ah! who could say? Parisians shake their heads and raise their hands when they speak of it. Princess Marie is a remarkable young woman. She is a skilled amateur photographer and an ardent automobilist. She has taken up Orientalism, and has become a popular exponent of esoteric doctrines. Her knowledge of astronomy has secured her admittance to half the scientific societies of Europe. She is the most noted linguist among Parisian women, speaking no one knows how many languages. She has studied under Boldelli, who says her voice surpasses any of the popular opera singers. She is only twenty-three years of age, fresh and beautiful.

Madame Creel is not only the richest woman of the Diplomatic Corps at Washington, but also one of the wealthiest in all the world. Her income is £1,000,000 a year, yet her dresses never cost more than £3 each. From mines which her husband gave

her years ago already more than £400,000 worth of precious metal has been taken. Much of this great sum, of course, was expended in conducting the mining operations. Her father is also enormously rich, and she is his only heiress. "They say I am very rich," Madame Creel often remarks, with a deprecatory gesture of her hands. "I have cattle—600,000 very good ones. I have 280,000 acres of very good land. At my table every day sit 400 good friends—all welcome. As to what a woman with a million a year should spend on her wardrobe, here is my list:

Three dresses at £3 a-piece.

Two hats at £75 a-piece.

Fourteen pairs of boots and shoes at about £4 a-piece.

Three hundred and fifty-six pairs silk stockings at £1 5s. a-piece, besides inexpensive lingerie, handkerchiefs, opera cloaks, and other details."

Madame's hats are evidently her failing; they are so artistic and recherche that they have become the despair of the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps. Madame Creel chooses the designs herself and also suggests the making. "Some women spend five to ten thousand pounds a year on dress," she says, "but a woman who says that that expenditure is necessary in order to enable her to move in society talks sheer nonsense. In Mexico a woman who spends 8s. a week in entertaining her friends has done all that is expected of her. When my father had 400,000 cattle on the plains of Chihuahua I did not have 5s. a week spending money. I wore cotton gowns, and danced in them, too." Madame Creel is the mother of four sons and two daughters, and her grandchildren number four.

Perhaps the distinction of being the richest woman of America lies between Mrs. Green, Mrs. Walker, and Mrs. Sage. Mrs. Sage has announced that she intends to devote her entire fortune, exceeding £12,000,000, for the benefit of humanity. Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Green have given little, so far as known by the world. Mrs. Sage, as everyone knows inherited her money from her husband, the celebrated financier, Russell Sage. Mrs. Anne Weightman Walker, both before and after the death of her father, the rich Philadelphia manufacturing chemist, William Weightman, showed admirable qualities as a business woman. Every morning she was at her desk in the office of the big drug manufacturing plant; she attended strictly to business, and it is said that the amalgamation with the firm's chief competitors was effected by her. After the amalgamation Mrs. Walker retired from business, and since then has been leading a quiet life. Mrs. Green is said to possess a fortune exceeding £12,000,000.

## Niagara-on-the-Lake

THE dance at the Queen's Royal Saturday evening was, as usual, a very jolly affair. Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Norman Seagram, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Lansing, Miss Lansing, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnston, the Misses Foy, Mr. P. Beatty, Mr. Watson, Mrs. Edwards, Miss Violet Edwards, the Misses Arnoldi, Miss N. Warren, Miss Betty Thomas, Miss Gladys Jones, Mr. Houston, Mrs. Watters, Miss Fleischman, Dr. Snell, Miss Rosenmuller, Miss Florence Heward, Mr. Ed. Foy, Miss Katie Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkover, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Jerome Fargo, Mr. Rousseau Kleiser, Mr. Middleton, Miss M. Garrett, the Misses Geddes, Mr. Ince, Miss Margaret Silverthorne, Mr. and Mrs. King and many others.

One of the most exciting golf matches of the season was played on the Queen's Royal links Thursday, July 18, between the Rosedale Ladies' Golf Club and the Queen's, Rosedale winning by one point. Tea was afterwards served on the pretty clubhouse verandah, the orchestra playing all the time, which was very much appreciated by all present. After tea a putting contest took place for which a large number entered. This proved very exciting and resulted in a tie between Mrs. Meadows and Miss Fleischman. After playing several holes Mrs. Meadows was the lucky winner, Miss Fleischman coming in for second prize.

A large handicap was played on the Queen's Royal links Saturday afternoon. A very high wind made play most difficult and high scores were the result. Six prizes were given to the twenty-four contestants. Mrs. Mann, Buffalo, won the ladies' first; Mrs. Thompson, Toronto, second, and Miss Scott, also of Toronto,

third. Mr. Argyle, of Cleveland, won the men's first, Mr. Webb second and Mr. Treuppe the third.

A very jolly little bridge party took place in the Queen's Royal rotunda on Friday evening, July 19. There were six tables. The first and special prize was won by Miss Strachan, Toronto, and other winners were Mrs. Rosenmuller, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Meadows, Buffalo, and Mr. Kirkover, also of Buffalo.

Some of those who are spending a few weeks at the Queen's Royal are, Rev. Dr. Jones, Miss Strachan, Mr. and Mrs. Yolkies, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Seagram and Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell.

Judge and Mrs. Hodgins are among the guests at the house.

Mrs. Ford, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. Bruce Macdonald.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Ball arrived in town last week to spend a week or ten days with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ball.

Mrs. and Miss Servos spent Saturday and Sunday in Toronto with friends.

On Wednesday afternoon, July 17, a mixed foursome was played by the members of the Niagara Golf Club on the Fort George links. The weather was perfect, for, although a very warm day, a refreshing breeze was blowing. Mrs. H. M. Helliwell of St. Catharines, a visitor in town for the past two weeks, very kindly gave the prizes, which were won by Mrs. Herring (Niagara) and Mr. E. L. Angle, of Cleveland, Ohio. After the match tea was served on the lawn of the clubhouse, many coming in for this. Mrs. Hunter and some of the young lady members of the club received the guests, while Mrs. McGaw poured tea. A few of those present were Mrs. McGaw, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Webb, Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Miss Tell, Miss Kay, Miss Helen Kay, Miss Hodden, Miss Fiskien, Capt. and Mrs. Herring, Miss Garrett, Miss F. Heward, the Misses Ford, Miss McGaw, Mr. Watson, Mr. Burns, Mr. G. Bernard and others.

On Saturday, July 20, the members of the Niagara Golf Club played a mixed foursome for prizes which Mrs. Payton Clark, who has been for some years one of our very popular summer visitors, kindly gave. The fortunate ones who carried off the prizes were Miss Garrett, Niagara, and Mr. Jackson of Buffalo. Tea was served under the lovely old trees, a great many being present.

Miss Crawford, who has been spending a few days in town with her sister, Mrs. Frank Johnston, returned to Toronto on Saturday.

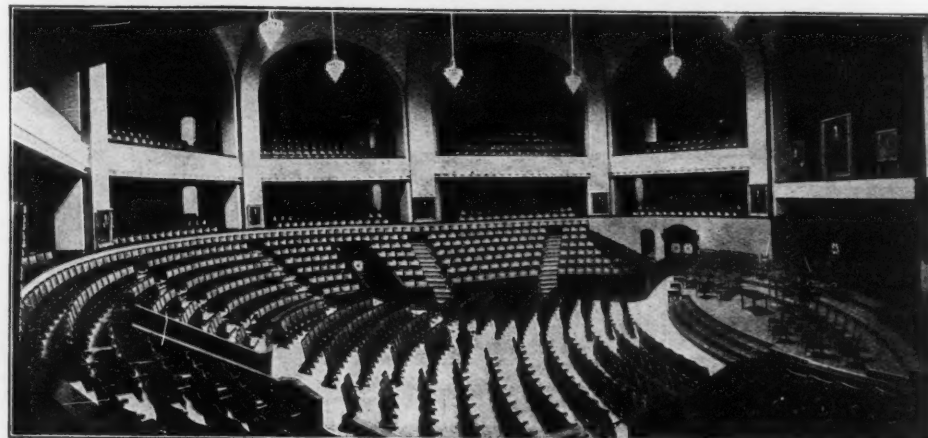
Miss Carroll and Mr. Burk of Buffalo, spent the week-end with Mrs. Rumsey.

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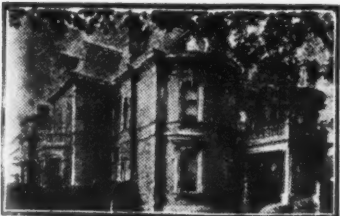
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## A Claim Against The Government

By MARK TWAIN

T was in President Jackson's time. Gadsby's was the principal hotel then. Well, this man arrived from Tennessee about nine o'clock one morning, with a black coachman and a splendid four-horse carriage and an elegant dog, which he was evidently fond and proud of; he drove up before Gadsby's, and the clerk and the landlord and everybody rushed out to take charge of him, but he said "Never mind," and jumped out and told the coachman to wait—said he hadn't time to take anything to eat, he only had a little claim against the government to collect, would run across the way to the treasury and fetch the money, and then get right back to Tennessee, for he was in considerable of a hurry.

Well, about eleven o'clock that night he came back and ordered a bed, and told them to put the horses up—said he would collect the claim in the morning. This was in January, you understand—January, 1834—the 3rd of January—Wednesday. Well, on the 5th of February he sold the fine carriage and bought a cheap second-hand one—said it would answer just as well to take the money home in, and he didn't care for style. On the 11th of August he sold a pair of the fine horses—said he'd often thought a pair was better than four to go over the rough mountain roads with where a body had to be careful about his driving, and there wasn't so much of his claim but he could lug the money home with a pair easy enough.

On the 13th of December he sold another horse—said two wasn't necessary to drag that old light vehicle; in fact, one could snatch it along faster than was absolutely necessary, now that it was good solid winter weather, and the roads in splendid condition.

On the 17th of February, 1835, he sold the old carriage and bought a cheap second-hand buggy—said a buggy was just the trick to skim along mushy, slushy early spring roads with, and he had always wanted to try a buggy on those mountain roads anyway. On the 1st day of August he sold the buggy and bought the remains of an old sulky—said he just wanted to see those green Tennesseans stare and gawk when they saw him come a-ripping along in a sulky—didn't believe they'd ever heard of a sulky in their lives. Well, on the 20th of August he sold his colored coachman—said he didn't need a coachman for a sulky; wouldn't be room enough for two in it anyway, and besides, it wasn't every day that Providence sent a man a fool who was willing to pay nine hundred dollars for such a third-rate negro as that—been wanting to get rid of the creature for years, but didn't like to throw him away. Eighteen months later—that is to say, on the 15th of February, 1837—he sold the sulky and bought a saddle—said horseback riding was what the doctor had always recommended him to take, and dog'd if he wanted to risk his neck going over those mountain roads on wheels in the dead of winter, not if he knew himself.

On the 9th of April he sold that saddle—said he wasn't going to risk his life with any perishable saddle-girth that ever was made over a rainy, miry April road, while he could ride bareback and know and feel he was safe—always had despised to ride on a saddle anyway. On the 24th of April he sold his horse—said, "I'm just fifty-seven to-day, hale and hearty—it would be a pretty howdy-do for me to be wasting such a trip as that and such weather as this on a horse when there ain't anything in the world so splendid as a tramp on foot and through the fresh spring woods and over the cheery mountains to a man that is a man—and I can make my dog carry my claim in a little bundle anyway, when it's collected. So to-morrow I'll be up bright and early, make my little old collection, and mosey off to Tennessee on my own hind legs, with a rousing good-bye to Gadsby's. On the 22nd of June he sold his dog—said "Dern a dog anyway when you're just starting off on a rattling bully pleasure-tramp through the summer woods and hills—perfect nuisance—chases the squirrels, barks at everything, goes a-capering and spluttering around in the fords. Man can't get any chance to reflect and enjoy nature, and I'd a blame sight rather carry the claim myself, it's a mighty sight safer; a dog's mighty uncertain in a financial way—always noticed it. Well, good-bye, boys—last call. I'm off to Tennessee, with a good leg and

a gay heart, early in the morning." I'm great friends with that old patriarch. He comes every evening to tell me good-bye. I saw him an hour ago—he's off for Tennessee early to-morrow morning—as usual; said he calculated to get his claim through and be off before night-owls like me have turned out of bed. The tears were in his eyes, he was so glad he was going to see his old Tennessee and his friends once more.

## The Glamor in It.

"A CLEVER writer I would be; And you, for whom the public clamor, Will you not please reveal to me Your special literary glamor?"

"Why sure!" said Forman (Justus M.).

"If you would write a real first-rater, A modern literary gem, Just get a dinky illustrator!"

Cried Weyman, "Bah! That's heresy—

The plot's the thing! All dots and dashes, And haughty She and valiant He, And fires that burn mere words to ashes."

"No, no," said Hope, "that's not the way

To make a really corking novel; The style's the thing—whether you lay Your plot in castle or in hovel."

"Come, now," said Oppenheim, "a plot

Is really good; and Merriman— Poor chap, he's dead!—knew quite a lot. I try to work along his plan."

"You make me smile," said Davis, "for

You English don't know how to hustle; Make your men fight, then fight some more—

There's nothing like a first-class tussle!"

"Dear me!" said Edith Wharton. "Your

Ideas are so elemental! A problem is the thing, I'm sure— A problem not too sentimental."

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Ward, "I see A problem may be made attractive If draped with high society And fed on something retroactive."

"True sentiment," Miss Deland cried, "Is just that bit of sweetest savor Which, I think, modestly must hide In all the books the public favor."

"Well, that," said Howells, "I will not bar; But then, dear lady, pray believe me,

I like to see things as they are— I'll not let even love deceive me!"

"Words, words! I swear," said Henry James, "I find that words alone are heeded; Upon the Hudson or the Thames,

Words, words—just words—are all that's needed."

"No, Henry, you're mistaken, friend," Said Meredith. "'Tis skill to choose them; And, when, you've chosen them, the end

Of all true art is how to use them!"

"Alas," I cried, "your recipes To write a book with glamor in it Confuse me, so I think I'll seize A fool's advice, and not begin it!"

—Isabel Ecclestone Mackay in Life.

Agnes Repplier wonders why men stick to the derby hat year after year, while every enterprising woman insists on a new style of hat with each season? Miss Repplier is not the first person who has named effect and cause in close juxtaposition and yet failed to see the connection.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

CHARMING MUSKOKA, THE CANADIAN VENICE.

No tourist from the United States should fail to make a side trip from Toronto to Muskoka, Georgian Bay, Lake of Bays, Maganetawan River, French River, Temagami. Call on C. E. Horning, C.P. and T.A., Grand Trunk, northwest corner King and Yonge streets, for full information as to stop-overs, etc.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb BIRTHS.

BECK—At Penetanguishene, on July 12, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Beck, a son.

MOFFAT—In Toronto, on Sunday, July 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Moffat, a son.

FRASER—At Arnprior, Ont., on

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July 21, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Wells Fraser, a son.

SCOTT—At Scotland Farm, Sutton West, July 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Scott, a daughter.

HAMILTON—At Port Credit, July 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Hamilton, a daughter.

CLARKE—At 859 King street west, Toronto, on Thursday, July 18, to Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Clarke, a son.

WALLACE—At Medicine Hat, Alta., on Thursday, July 18, to Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Wallace, a son.

BURNS—On Friday, July 19, in Toronto, to Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Burns, a son.

M'CULLY—At Elora, on Sunday, July 21, to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. M'Cully, a daughter.

BYRON—To Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Byron, on Friday, July 19, a son.

THOMPSON—At Stratford, July 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thompson, a daughter.

OLMSTED—On Wednesday, July 17, to Dr. and Mrs. Ingersoll Olmsted, of Hamilton, a daughter.

FORSEE—At the Cottage Hospital, Wellesley street, Toronto, on Sunday, July 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Forsee, St. Louis, Mo., a son.

NOYES—At Hamilton, on July 18, the wife of G. R. Finch Noyes, a daughter.

SAUER—At Ogdensburg, N. Y., on Thursday, July 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Max V. Sauer, a son.

CORBET—At Toronto, on July 18, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Seaton Corbet, a son.

LEPPARD—At Toronto, on Friday, July 19, to Mr. and Mrs. S. Leppard, a son.

MATHER—On Friday, July 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Jack W. Mather of New Lowell, a daughter.

ELLIOT—At Berlin, on Friday, July 19, to Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Elliot, a daughter.

JARDINE—On Wednesday, July 17, at the Cottage Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. T. Stanley Jardine, a daughter.

FAX—On Tuesday, July 23, at Grace Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ellis Fax, Jr., a son.

RUSSELL—At 55 Tranby ave., Toronto, on Tuesday, July 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Russell, a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

ALLAN-IVES—On Wednesday, July 24, at St. John's church, Toronto Junction, by the Rev. Beverley Smith, Theodora W., second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ives, to William J. Allan of Hamilton.

MORGAN-WOODSWORTH — On June 27, at Chentu, China, Rev. E. Wesley Morgan, B.A., to Hattie E. Woodsworth, daughter of Rev. W. Woodsworth, Toronto.

MCCOLL-HEIGHES — On Wednesday, July 17, in Toronto, Marguerite Adeline Heighes, of Walters Falls, to Wm. Rae McColl, of Medicine Hat, Alta.

BRADFORD-INSON—On Thursday, July 18, at Scarboro, Alice Maude Inson, to Jesse Bradford, B.A., of Sturgeon Falls.

CURRIE-LEE—At Chicago, Monday, July 15, Isobel Lee to Dr. T. A. Currie, of Toronto.

BUTLER-PATTERSON — July 17, Ernest Floyd Butler, to Prudence Gertrude Patterson, Toronto.

ORR-CARPENTER — At Collingwood, July 20, John Rowland Orr, Souris, Man., to Jane L. Carpenter.

BUCHANAN-WRIGHT—On Tuesday, July 23, at Norway, Ont., Mattie May Wright, to Edgar de Lovelace Buchanan.

LEPARD-HORLEY—July 23, at St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, Thos. M.

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McNAB-POPE—Wednesday July 3, at Christ's Church Cathedral, Hamilton, P. W. McNab, to A. Florence Pope.

MOORE-ROBSON—At Ottawa, July 18, Thos. R. Moore, Meaford, to Isabella N. Robson.

DEATHS.

CLARKE—At Buffalo, N. Y., Monday, July 22, Wesley R. Clarke.

LEVEE—Drowned, at Centre Island, July 22, Irene Levee, aged 14.

MILLAR—At Unionville, July 21, Simon Millar.

SMITH—In Camrose, Alta., July 20, Jean Catharine Gunn, wife of Geo. P. Smith.

ATTRILL—At St. Nicholl's Hospital, Peterboro, July 21, Edward Chany Attrill, Ridgewood Park, Goderich.







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## PIERRE

Mak' Talk on de  
City Noise.

"O Jean, I'll not be leffin' de ole cabane fer go levee on de citee, some tam' yet."

"De citee is all right for fill de banks, de jail an' de asylum, and dat's where ever' one get up early fer get your money, but I'll be stay in de countree, me."

"Most t'ing what ever' one does in de citee is mak' de noise and if all de noise in de citee would stop, peop' would get bad headache, an' de gov'ment would be ask for supply barrels of dynamite for bring 'em 'round again."

"Dere is 'bout t'ousan' different noise already in de citee, but dere is fellers busy mak' de new noise every minute, an' de gov'ment says 'good boy, you, an' patent de idea."

"Dat'll be de reason Jean why, w'en you'll touch a citee man in de arm fer de question ask it, dat man will be jump like frog, an' den look ashame hissef."

"So early as five o'clock in de mornin' street cars start de slam-bang along streets in de citee. Tracks ain't level, mebbe, an' ever' tam' wheels hit de bad spot, sounds lak' gun shot off so close your ear."

"Mos' cars has one flat wheel, an' dis mak' de fine noise passin' by de miles of houses where citee peop' t'ink dey sleep, mebbe."

"Railway train mak' de bigger noise, an' so it is not run so close de houses, jess far enough away so's mos' de citee will be hear it plain."

"You'll git de fine noise in de boiler factory, an's hard fer git de house near one. Rents is high dere. But sam' tam' dere'll be oder good loud noises, a little cheaper."

"In de office, fellers git in four five machines what will be write all de letter, an' kick up de great fuss doin' it. Dey'll go upstairs an' down in de elevator. She's made of iron, so's de door can clang good an' loud, mak' all de peop' downtown happy. Besides, dere's de steamboat screechin', de t'ousan' waggon an' cart crackin' in de roads, an' as dat ain't enough inventors will be gettin' out new kind of bell ever' five minutes."

"Citee in de busy day has 'bout t'ree four hundred gongs ever' second mak' your head sick for hear it."

"I'll be notice Pierre, all de noise will be crowd togedder, one noise folle de 'noder, an' w'en de citee peop' git out in de countree dey'll be say: 'dis quiet, ain' she fierce; mebbe we'll go home."

"Undertaker smile in de noise. Mos' fine t'ing for him. He'll be say 'dat's all right for peop': go ahead: if one noise don' get you, 'noder will, mebbe."

"Dey'll put de asylum, Jean, right in de middle of de uproar, an' w'en it gits too much for de patient can't stand no more an' soak de doctor with de plate, dey'll say 'dat's ver' bad case, put him away in padded cells."

"'Son,' says de ole man, 'I'll be lookin' for you de big noise in de world mak' it.' An' so dat son grow up with de right idea. Mak' de noise like a barrel of money, Jean, an' you's de mos' popular man in de citee. De ole hoss is stuck away in de barn, for he'll not be able mak' half de noise of de automobile."

"In de citee, Jean, you'll be wake up by a noise, live all day in de noise, an' go to sleep with it."

"De churches mak' de noise say, 'come along, ding dong,' on Sunday mornin'. Some peop' like for sleep dat day but church bells dey'll not be care. Dey'll clang till you is wide awake, even if you don' go de church."

"No, Jean, my ole head she's be all right yet in de countree. W'en I'll feel, me, lak' tak' de trip in de citee, I'll just be walk down in de blacksmith shop, an be satisfy den for stay where I am, me."

Dr. Malcolm W. Sparrow of Parkdale has been made a member of the New England Dahlia Society, of Boston, Mass. He is the first Canadian to be enrolled in this society of dahlia growers, which has members in nearly every state in the Union. It would be very interesting for other Canadian dahlia enthusiasts to join this society, as their little monthly bulletin, The Dahlia News, contains an abundance of valuable information concerning the dahlia, and its cultivation.

"So Jack's been made secretary and treasurer of the company, has he?" "Yes. He has to copy all the letters, and take all the deposits to the bank, and, oh, Mary, I'm so proud of him." —Harper's Bazaar.

"My husband is really very attentive. Yesterday he bought me a dozen veils." —Meggendorfer Blatter.

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 Esquitos Size, 2 for 25c; Box of Twenty-five - - - - \$3.00

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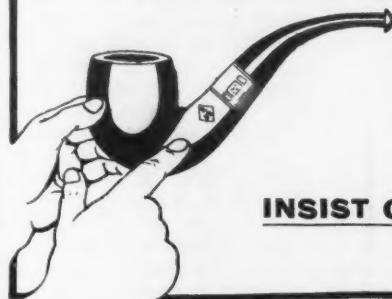
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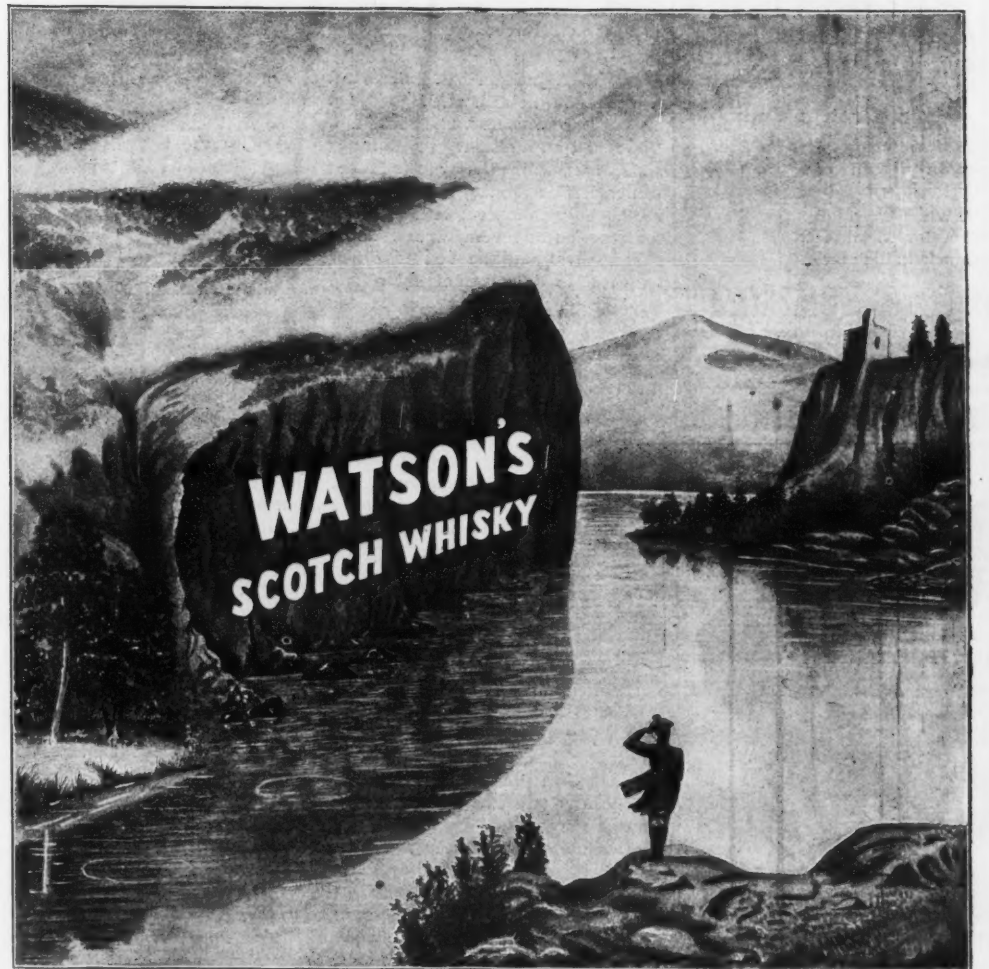
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